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CONTENTS

Comments . . . . Page 1001
"Conscience and Honour" 1004
Territorial Planning. I—The Present Failure. By William A. Robson 1005
A London Diary 1006
This England 1007
Can Health Be Bought? By Harry Roberts . 1008
A New Statesman Christmas 1009
Why? By Y.Y. 1010
Correspondence 1011
From Clive Bell; Lord John Hope; Lord Ponsonby; G. W.; S. L.; Prof. S. Alexander and others; Alec Craig; Oliver Bell; Rosna Graham; C. A. Bang; Vere H. Collins; Canon H. R. L. Sheppard.
Tolstoy. By V. S. Pritchett 1013
Viscount Cecil of Chelwood 1014
Cock and Doodle. By Otto Watteau . . . 1015
Plays and Pictures . . . . . . Page 1015
Books in General. By David Garnett . . 1016
Reviews:
  The Woodforde Diaries. By Peter Quennell . 1017
  Scott's Letters. By Donald Carswell . . 1018
  Master Musicians. By W. J. Turner . . 1019
  Shenstone and Traherne. By A. Desmond Hawkins 1019
  All Round the Map. By K. John . . . 1020
  L'homme de ce qui était. By Humphry House . 1020
  Word Mania. By Richard Church . . . 1021
  The Movie Finger Writes. By John Marks . 1022
  A Blot Upon France 1022
Shorter Notices 1022
Week-end Competitions 1023
Crossword 1024
The Week in the City. By Toreador . . 1026

The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MR. EDEN'S appointment to the Foreign Office is the best Christmas present the Prime Minister could have given us. "This terrible young man who wants peace," as he was once called in Paris, is the first British Foreign Minister since Mr. Henderson to understand what the League of Nations is and the first to wish to pursue a League policy. It is true he was implicated, as a Member of the Cabinet, in the "peace plan"; but he did not conceal his disgust—it is, indeed, an open secret that he was with difficulty prevented from resigning. Whether he can restore the confidence of this or any other country in the Baldwin Government we do not know. The fact that he is not the choice of Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere and of Signor Mussolini and M. Laval (whose polite welcome need not be taken too seriously) is not a point against him. M. Laval may himself fall before many days are past, though the reluctance of any of his rivals to take office may once again keep him in power. But whatever happens in France, Mr. Eden will, we hope, regain the British lead which Sir Samuel Hoare threw away.

Mr. Eden and Geneva

Geneva (by which we mean not merely the officials of the League, but the representatives of all those nations that take the Covenant seriously) is warm in its welcome of the new Foreign Secretary. Not only is he personally popular; his appointment is regarded as a guarantee against any further attempt at a "dirty deal" and an earnest of a more genuine policy of collective security. In France, the Left parties are pleased, the Right anxious—though at the moment their criticism is mainly concentrated on their intransigent friend Mussolini, who responds to all advances with increased defiance. Opinion in Germany expresses itself with caution, but there seems to be general agreement that an Eden is preferable to an Austen Chamberlain. Whether Mr. Eden will make an effort for the imposition of the oil embargo—or will succeed, if he does—remains to be seen. He will in any case have to walk delicately; but he can walk firmly, assuring himself that others will move with him, so that there will be no question of an "Anglo-Italian war" with the rest of the world looking on.

The Fighting in Abyssinia

From the military point of view Mussolini's adventure is not going according to plan. Last week-end brought reports of a considerable Abyssinian success on the river Takkaze, after a fierce hand-to-hand struggle, in which the Italians are said to have lost some hundreds of men, besides tanks, machine-guns, ammunition and other material. These claims may be exaggerated; and Rome now announces a victorious counter-attack. But the Italian advance does not look like getting much farther, let alone of reaching Addis Ababa, before the spring rains begin—unless, of course, the Abyssinians should indulge in the suicidal policy of mass attack. But there is no sign that they mean to do that. Their best defence lies in their harassing tactics, combined with the immense advantages they possess in the nature of the country and the strategical errors made by the Italians on the northern front. In all the circumstances, the Emperor had reason to be staggered by the impudence, as well as the injustice, of the Hoare-Laval proposals. "My soldiers," as he observed with bald truth, "are not yet beaten." But neither are the Italians; and if it is to be stalemate in Africa and if sanctions continue to press on the population in Italy, what is the Duce's next move going to be?

Japan and Russia

There are new fears—or rather the old fears revived—of war between Russia and Japan. The recent collision on the frontier of Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia seems to have been more serious than was at first thought; it is even suggested that it is the prelude to a carefully planned attempt by the Japanese to seize the Mongolian Republic. Added to this there is talk of a Sino-Japanese alliance against the U.S.S.R. and the "Red peril." This talk, which appears to have its origin in the Tokio newspapers, does not impress us much; and we doubt whether it will impress the Nanking Government. They are pretty well used to the flaunting of this bogy by the Japanese militarists, and, whatever opinions they may hold about Communism in China, can hardly be anxious to go for a ride on the Japanese tiger against the Russian Communists. We hope that this Mongolian incident, ugly though it is and seriously as it may be taken in Moscow, will be diplomatically liquidated, as others of the kind have been. In the meantime it will doubtless be put to use in the Japanese Diet where the War Office is about to present heavily increased military estimates. The "threat from Red Russia" will help to ease their passage with patriotic taxpayers.

The Problem of Palestine

The High Commissioner for Palestine last week explained to the representatives of the Jewish and Arab organisations the Government's proposals for a legislative council. Election is to take place on a basis of communal proportional representation, provision being made for eleven Moslems, seven Jews, three Christians, two representatives of the commercial community and five British officials. The High Commissioner is to have the right to nominate persons to serve on the council in the event of any community refusing to co-operate. The Arab representatives gave no definite answer, although they are said to be generally favourable; Dr. Weizmann declared that the Jews could not participate in the scheme. He claimed that, according to the principles of the mandate, Palestine is the concern of the whole of the Jewish people and not merely of those resident there now, and that it was inadmissible to entrust any legislative power to avowed enemies of the mandate. It is an awkward situation. On the face of it, a legislative council looks like an advance towards self-government. But in fact it would not only exalt the Arabs and depress the Jews; it would destroy the hope, which is the real justification of the Palestinian experiment, of welding the two peoples into one nation. It is essential that communal distinctions should be broken down, as we believe they could be, if mischief makers would keep their fingers out of the pie, through co-operation in labour and co-operative and other organisations. The setting up of a legislative council on the lines proposed would stabilise the division of Jew and Arab.

Tennessee Valley Authority

The most important test case for the New Deal since the National Recovery Act was declared illegal is waiting to come before the Supreme Court. Ever since the Tennessee Valley Authority was set up by the President in May, 1933, it has proved a thorn in the side of the great public utility companies; for it has provided practical evidence of the profiteering that was permitted at the expense of the public in the sale of electricity. The public utility interests have obtained rulings in the lower courts that the Authority is unconstitutional and the final decision is now to be made by the Supreme Court. The T.V.A. controls one of the major tributaries of the Mississippi, where flooding is more dangerous than anywhere else in the United States. To deal with this involved the building of three dams at the average cost of about £6,000,000, and the partial control of all agricultural and industrial development in the district. Thus, although the Authority only directly employs some 17,000 persons, the total population affected amounts to nearly two millions. Before the T.V.A. was established the area was one of the most depressed in the whole country. But, apart altogether from the generation of electric power, far-reaching reforms in housing, education and the institution of model farms and dairies have met with marked success. The scheme needs a long-term trial and deserves a better fate than to be slain on the altar of capitalist intrigue and constitutional pedantry. Meanwhile another ominous blow has been dealt to Labour hopes by a decision of the court in Kansas against the Wagner Act. This Act guaranteeing the workers' right to organise and banning "company unions" is declared to be unconstitutional.

The Antikainen Trial

A signal victory for anti-Fascist forces in Finland was won in Helsingfors on Tuesday when, after a ten-hour hearing, the re-trial of Toivo Antikainen was postponed until next March. Antikainen, who was the leader of a famous march across Soviet Carelia as a Red Army Commander in 1922, was sentenced to penal servitude for life on April 26th, 1935, for a completely unsubstantiated charge of roasting to death on a camp fire a young Finn on January 21st, 1922, in the war of intervention on the Finnish Soviet frontier. The case was an obvious "frame-up," and witnesses for the defence from Soviet Carelia, who would have been at once arrested as Communists if they had been called by the defence, were not present to give their evidence. On August 30th an appeal was lodged by the lawyers of Antikainen to the Supreme Court of Finland asking that it should send back the case to the Lower Court for reconsideration. Meanwhile three of the leading Soviet witnesses travelled to Stockholm and gave their evidence before four of the most distinguished lawyers in Sweden, including Georg Branting and A. Hemming-Sjoberg. The evidence showed conclusively that such a murder could never have taken place, that the Finn who is supposed to have been burnt alive was not in the prisoners' march at the time, and that Antikainen himself had never been present at the camps named. The re-trial of Antikainen will take place in March, and the court has ordered the prosecution to call in evidence the nine witnesses from Soviet Carelia.

The Government and the Miners

Nothing further is likely to happen about the coal dispute until the New Year. In the meantime the owners are thinking second thoughts about the offers from the advanced districts which they are pledged to transmit to the Mine Workers' Federation early next month. The Government, ignoring the strong support for the miners from most sections of public opinion, are still attempting to wash their hands of the dispute and to treat it as a mere wrangle between the miners and mine owners. At some time in the future royalties are to be "unified" and selling agencies established; and the owners have declared their willingness to offer the miners in every district at any rate some advance in anticipation of the expected increases in revenue. The Government's attitude appears to be that the miners are churlish not to be satisfied with these indeterminate promises, though they embody no figures and reject absolutely the claim for an advance upon a uniform national basis. The first of those defects may be remedied when the owners and miners next meet; the second certainly will not be unless there is a great change in the owners' attitude. Nor does it seem likely that the district offers will be of such a sort as to satisfy the miners' reasonable claim.

Unemployment Insurance in Agriculture

At last we have got the Government's Bill for unemployment insurance in agriculture. It follows most of the recommendations of Sir William Beveridge's Statutory Committee; but it departs from them in raising the contribution from 4*d.* to 4½*d.* (from employer, worker and State) and the benefit from 12*s.* to 14*s.* (for men), with lower rates, both of contribution and benefit, for women and juveniles. The dependants' allowances are to be 7*s.* for the wife, and 3*s.* for the first child and 2*s.* 6*d.* for other children. It is assumed that about three-quarters of a million persons (700,000 males and 50,000 females) will be affected and that the rate of unemployment in the industry will be 7½ per cent. Apart from its actual provisions, the Bill inevitably brings into the limelight the whole subject of agricultural wages. It is impossible to devise adequate standards of benefit when the agricultural workers' earnings are barely at a subsistence level. The Ministry of Labour has obviously had a delicate task in steering between the wage rates fixed by the County Wage Committees and the scales of assistance under the Poor Law. The necessity of providing a special scheme for agriculture involving lower benefits than those paid in industry shows up the special grievance of the rural worker. A Tory Government may naturally be expected to be a better friend of the landlord and the farmer than of the labourer. But the £600,000 which is the estimated contribution from the Exchequer to this new fund can scarcely be called generous, when it is compared with the huge doles handed out to the farming industry in recent years (even though the effect of those doles has been to keep more labourers in employment).

Malnutrition and Milk

How will the children of the unemployed farm labourer fare under the new insurance scheme? A deputation of the Children's Minimum Committee pointed out to Lord Eustace Percy last week that the existing unemployment insurance benefit and unemployment assistance allowances still fall short of the requirements of a healthy subsistence, as estimated by scientific authorities, by amounts of over 5*s.* in families with three children and 11*s.* in families with five children. The Committee recognised that there was no present hope of an increase in dependants' allowances; but they were all the more insistent on that account on a more generous provision of free meals and milk. Such provision is needed in the country as well as in the towns —indeed, it has long been one of the tragic absurdities of this England that to many children living in the midst of cows and pastures milk is a rare luxury. We agree with the Children's Minimum Committee that the one-third of a pint of milk per child per day, which is supplied under the Marketing Board scheme, is far too niggardly. It is lamentable, too, that many thousands of children who ought to be getting milk at school are not getting it; that very few local education authorities exercise their power to continue the provision of milk in the holidays; and that the supply of free or cheap milk for children under five, and for expectant and nursing mothers, is grossly inadequate. Lord Eustace Percy says the Government are sympathetic. Let them prove it.

The Future of the B.B.C.

The report of the Ullswater Commission set up to make recommendations about the future of the B.B.C., whose present charter terminates in 1936, is now in the hands of the Postmaster-General. The public will learn its recommendations in a few weeks' time. The sensational press forecasts of this report may be discounted; it is unlikely to suggest sweeping changes. It will be interesting to see how it deals with the suggestion that greater latitude should be granted for parliamentary questions about the B.B.C. The Lord Privy Seal has been mentioned as a suitable Minister to answer questions about B.B.C. policy, while the P.M.G. remains responsible for its financial side. But there is a more important question—the presentation of B.B.C. accounts. In the case of a monopoly the public's chief safeguard is publicity, and the B.B.C. is run by a dictatorship which is in many ways benevolent and intelligent, but which works in far too much secrecy. Complaints are constantly made about the allocation of money within the B.B.C. and about the salaries paid and the conditions attached to employment there. These complaints may be unjustified. The point is that they should not be possible. In the case of a Government Department like the Post Office, we know just how every pound is spent; in the case of the B.B.C. we are told nothing except that so many hundred thousand pounds go on programmes and salaries. The contrast is fully set out in a challenging, though not always accurate, little book called *What to Do With the B.B.C.*, by R. W. Postgate (Hogarth Press, 1*s.* 6*d.*).

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"CONSCIENCE AND HONOUR"

UNTIL Mr. Baldwin's speech in the debate following Sir Samuel Hoare's resignation last week we did not know that anyone still held the eighteenth-century doctrine that the voice of the people is the voice of God. For a week or so he tells us, he did not realise that the "peace proposals" were a betrayal of election pledges. His conscience only began to rumble when he heard of protests based on the ground "of conscience and of honour." "The moment," he went on, "that I am confronted with that I know that something has happened that has appealed to the deepest feelings of our countrymen, that some note has been struck that brings back through them a response from the depths." Put more precisely, we take this to mean that an outcry from the Left does not matter, but that when the *Times* and local Conservative Associations and Tory M.P.s declare that British prestige and honour is jeopardised, Mr. Baldwin feels that something must be done about it. He decided that he must have been wrong: the voice of the people had spoken and Sir Samual Hoare was sacrificed on the altar of that ancient deity, public opinion.

Those who have troubled to ask themselves the meaning of the curious compound of sentiment, instinct and judgment which we call public opinion know that politicians only take notice of it when it seems likely to affect parliamentary majorities. Occasionally an event occurs which brings together for quite different reasons groups of opinion which are usually opposed to each other. In this case Mr. Baldwin has bowed to such a combination. The Laval-Hoare proposals angered supporters of the peace ballot, who saw in them a betrayal of the League and the Government's pledges; they angered another large section of the Left, because they rewarded instead of overthrowing a Fascist aggressor; they angered imperialists of all kinds, because they lowered British prestige. We have no doubt that on the issue of these peace proposals all these groups were right. But such combinations of disparate forces have their dangers, and that they were all right in one thing does not mean that they must always be right about everything.

There have been cases in history—the Crimean War is a good case in point—in which Conservative Ministers have been opposed to dangerous international action and have been pushed into it by demagogues or capitalists who have exploited an ill-informed public. If Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare honestly believed that the present agitation is misdirected, that a League policy, the object of which is to avoid war, would really lead us into a "general conflagration" in Europe, then it was their duty to say so, to stick to their position and not to bow to public opinion. The truth, however, is that it was extremely difficult for them to make such a case convincingly. In the first place, we know of no circumstance that has arisen since the General Election which makes it more dangerous to do now what they promised to do then. When they thought that British interests were seriously endangered by Mussolini in the Eastern Mediterranean, they mobilised the fleet and thereby created the danger that they now complain of. They were not asked by the League to move a single battleship. British mobilisation was unilateral and not collective. They now complain that no other countries have done the same thing, and that if there is a war the brunt of it will fall on Great Britain. They should never have put themselves in such a position. Until this month no approach has been made to any other countries except France for support in case Mussolini runs amok, and both Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Neville Chamberlain have again assured us that M. Laval's promise to support us in that eventuality stands to-day as it did when he made it. Obviously, if action was to be genuinely collective, and if it was the interests of peace through the League that were being considered and not those of the British Empire, the first step should have been to ask all the League Powers what help they were prepared to give and to see that any risks were run jointly. If insufficient help was forthcoming they would have been in an impregnable position to argue that no action likely to provoke Mussolini to war could be taken. The same consideration exposes the disingenuousness of their demand for rearmament. There is no case for saying that rearmament is necessary to make collective security work unless the League Powers agree that their joint forces are insufficient. Finally, if for some reason that they have not explained, even after their lips are unsealed, it is now too dangerous to pursue "that steady and collective resistance to any unprovoked act of aggression" which Sir Samuel promised in September, there is still no reason for us to agree to terms which rewarded the aggressor. If the risks are too great it is not dishonourable to refuse to help by war the victim of aggression. It is dishonourable to offer help and then not merely to retreat (which might in some circumstances be justified), but also to attempt to impose the aggressor's terms on the victim.

In our correspondence columns this week Mr. Clive Bell expresses fears which may be shared by many people who support the League when they find themselves reinforced from quarters which may easily become jingo. Throughout the Italian-Abyssinian dispute the informed people who are neither out-and-out pacifists nor imperialists have had three primary considerations in mind. First, they want the Italian aggressor to learn that aggression does not pay and to end his war as soon as possible. Secondly, they want the League to establish itself and develop into an organisation not for punishing aggressors, but for avoiding wars by the peaceful settlement of disputes and the elimination of grievances. But they believe that this is only possible if it has behind it an ultimate force which would make the aggressor prefer to discuss his grievance than to resort to war. Thirdly, they fully realise the catastrophic nature of another war, and they are as anxious as Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare say they are to avoid a war between Italy and Great Britain. The question that confronted us all when the Duce first threatened Abyssinia and which still confronts us is whether these objectives are compatible. Can the Duce be stopped without a European war? The collective action of the League is supposed to make this possible, and only three months ago the Government itself supported sanctions as the true solution of the problem and made these very points the basis of their policy. They promised collective action against the aggressor which, if it was collective, would make a British-Italian war impossible, and we presume that they would not have supported such a policy, even for the period of the election, if they had believed it would lead to a European war. They have given no reason for thinking that this policy is more likely to lead to a general war than it was three months ago and now, after betraying their pledges, Mr. Eden is appointed Foreign Secretary with the avowed object of returning to a League policy.

The Laval-Hoare peace terms have made Mr. Eden's position difficult, though if they lead to the fall of M. Laval they will improve the situation in one respect at least. Neither Mr. Eden nor any other British Foreign Minister can now get up at Geneva and repeat the speech which Sir Samuel Hoare made on September 11th. We can hear the ripple of laughter which would go through the Assembly if a British Foreign Minister again rose to say that the policy of His Majesty's Government "continues to be, as it has always been, in loyal conformity with the Covenant." There is a danger that the humiliation felt in Conservative quarters in this country may push Mr. Eden in the direction of British unilateral opposition to Mussolini. His only right course is at once to show by his actions that, for the first time, Great Britain does stand for a genuine League policy. First he can end the talk of a British-Italian war by asking exactly what support the League Powers are prepared to give if the Duce does run amok. If the support is inadequate the British fleet should be withdrawn from danger. Secondly, if we are adopting a League policy we should abandon an imperial one. If, for instance, Egyptian claims were properly met, we could rid ourselves of fears about Egyptian loyalty, and since it is desirable to make clear to the Italian people that we are not opposing them for imperial reasons, and that all doors are not shut, genuine suggestions should be made to give meaning to Sir Samuel Hoare's remark about raw materials to take the place of the fake offer of a kingdom for a camel corridor. Thirdly, the question of sanctions should be overhauled. Whether oil sanctions are now possible we do not know. The United States may still consider, in spite of the rebuff Mr. Roosevelt has received, that the surest way of keeping clear of war is to forbid exports of vital materials to belligerents, and the substitution of Mr. Eden for Sir Samuel Hoare may suffice to keep together the countries which loyally adopted sanctions and now feel that they have sacrificed their interests only to see the League betrayed by Great Britain and France. How far Mr. Eden can go we do not know: what we are sure of is that nothing but disaster can come from a double-faced, half-hearted policy; that the risks are well worth running if collective diplomacy and collective action are pursued together, but criminal if an imperial policy is pursued under the pretence that it is a League policy. We dare to hope that Mr. Eden, unlike his predecessors, understands what a League policy is. We hope he will pursue it to success: above all we hope that he will pursue one policy at a time.

TERRITORIAL PLANNING

I.—The Present Failure

THE most important fact relating to our physical environment is the process of despoliation which has been going on without interruption for the past fifteen years. The conspicuous political fact connected with this phenomenon is the indifference shown by all political parties to the process. Cabinet Ministers are, no doubt, always ready to send messages of faith, hope and charity to town planning or countryside protection conferences. Last October, for example, the Ministers of Health, Education and Transport all sent words of encouragement to the annual meeting of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England; and Mr. Baldwin declared that we are tenants for life of an unsurpassable estate and that it is the duty of everyone to see that it is preserved for future generations. But everybody's duty is nobody's business; and the destruction of the countryside and the spoiling of those towns which are still capable of being spoilt is our most flourishing industry.

The industrial towns which grew up in the nineteenth century were devoid of all grace and delight, the ugliest places in which men and women were ever condemned to live. We look back on the Victorians who made them with pity, for they knew not what they did. But future generations will look back on us with anger and contempt, for we know very well what we are doing, and we know that it is barbarous.

The measure of our consciousness is shown by the mass of legislation which we have solemnly placed on the Statute Book during the past twenty-five years. Mr. John Burns promoted the first Housing and Town Planning Bill in 1909. Since then there has been an ever increasing spate of enactments, the most recent example being the Restriction of Ribbon Development Act, 1935.

The measure of our desire to take effective action is shown by the information given in the Sixteenth Annual Report of the Ministry of Health, published last summer. From this it appears that planning schemes approved and in operation at the end of March, 1935, cover only 152,182 acres—a space as large as one of the smallest counties. "Schemes approved but not yet operative" cover another 11 acres; "schemes submitted but not yet approved" cover 23,597 acres; while "schemes requiring re-submission under the Act of 1932, but not yet re-submitted" affect 39,978 acres. Thus, all the schemes which have been either approved or submitted comprise less than 175,000 acres, that is, about $\frac{1}{218}$th part of England and Wales.

In contrast with this miserable record of procrastination are the substantial figures relating to the making of resolutions. There are in existence 1,161 resolutions affecting 1,328 areas and covering 13,340,735 acres; but as 938 of them (covering nearly 9 million acres) were passed under legislation prior to the Town and Country Planning Act, 1932, it is clear that these resolutions are mainly of the pious type, since there has been ample time for them to have matured into effective schemes had local authorities been in earnest on the subject. The facts prove, therefore, that local authorities have not so far shown any real energy or enthusiasm for territorial planning; and this alone would explain the dismal failure of the movement up to the present.

The realities underlying the statistics can be seen throughout the length and breadth of the country. There is scarcely a pleasant place which is not either spoilt, in process of being spoilt, or threatened with being spoilt. Distance lends enchantment to the builder of bungaloid growths; Cornwall and the Devon coast provide him with opportunities no less golden than the North Downs or the South Coast. The industrialisation of Oxford is a crowning achievement. The most conspicuous example of all is London, where not even the preliminary steps towards town planning were taken until the other day, although the misdevelopment of the metropolitan region during recent years is one of the major disasters of our time. London was exceptionally fortunate in possessing attractive environs on every side; but to-day the surrounding country has either been turned into an industrial shambles, or converted into a depository for Tudoristic villas purchased on the instalment plan.

The Ministry of Health, which ought to be the spearhead of an aggressive attack on this vital problem, appears to be suffering from a mixture of sleepy sickness and complacency. The pages of its Annual Report devoted to town and country planning make depressing reading. We are informed that no planning schemes have come into operation during the year, but "considerable progress has been made in the preparation of schemes. The number of draft schemes adopted and of schemes submitted to the Minister is expected now to increase rapidly." This is scarcely surprising, in view of the existing performance. The Report then states that "the area for which schemes are being prepared is still growing rapidly." Of course it is. But the real point is whether the effort now being made is in any real sense commensurate with the task to be performed. The Ministry's Report makes no attempt to show the situation in its true perspective. A snail may increase its pace rapidly and yet still only be crawling along at two yards an hour.

The Minister's Report contains scarcely a word of criticism of the present position, no indication of the main problems to be solved, nor any suggestion as to the lines on which action should proceed. It gives prominent notice, under the heading "Progress in Preparation and Approval of Schemes," to the utterly meaningless figures relating to resolutions. Eight pages out of the sixteen devoted to planning are filled with information relating to decisions on appeals to the Minister, most of which concern small details such as whether leaded windows should be insisted upon in a particular house. The whole section of the Report reveals the need for a much larger and bolder treatment of the subject by the Ministry of Health. It is certain that if constructive action is to be taken a lead must come from the central Government department directly concerned. The second point to be noted, therefore, is that the Ministry of Health is not carrying out its planning functions in a satisfactory or effective manner; that we are unlikely to accomplish anything of importance in this generation unless a much more vigorous and stimulating lead is given by Whitehall; and that the Ministry of Health's present attitude raises grave doubts as to whether it is adequate to the task.

Very few people seem to have grasped the immense significance of the fact that, for the first time in history, the city has lost its physical coherence. For thousands of years the boundary of a town was a definite thing, a clear organisation of roads, gates or walls; with streets leading from the periphery to the centre. The advent of mechanical traction during the past twenty or thirty years—the railway, the electric train, the motor car, the motor bus and tramway—has robbed the city boundary of its former significance. There no longer is a boundary, except in name.

Social and economic life has flowed over the frontier with increasing intensity and submerged the line of demarcation. People live outside the limits of the town and flood into its area on every working day in thousands. Even the suburb, which formerly possessed recognisable characteristics and a certain compactness of its own, is growing diluted and inchoate as the townsman goes further and further afield in search of a home removed from the noise and hustle of the town. The nomadic tribes of townsmen, penetrating more and more deeply into the countryside in an effort to find peace and quiet, destroy the very qualities of the environment they most need. In order to ensure speedy access to the city where he works the townsman keeps close to the avenues of communication. Hence ribbon development.

The week-ender, the holiday-maker and the tripper, attended by the crowd of shopkeepers and garage-mongers and tea-shop owners who cater for their needs, are not subject to so urgent a compulsion. They are able to spread their bungaloid growths and sand-cake buildings with a lavish and carefree hand over the most remote fastnesses and the most beautiful haunts of men.

In the past, urbanisation has always meant the growth of towns. It no longer means this. To-day it signifies merely the destruction of the countryside. The essentially rural features of a large stretch of country may be destroyed without the emergence of anything which can be called a town. Technical advances are, indeed, removing the age-long distinction between town life and country life, between the sophisticated and the simple ways of life. The telephone, the radio, the telegraph, gas, electricity, water, newspapers and daily deliveries of goods, frequent motor bus services—almost all the amenities of the town are becoming available in the country.

Of equal importance is the new mobility of industry. Factories and mills were once chained to the rivers, and later to the coalfields. Now they can go almost anywhere, for electrical power is ubiquitous, or can easily be made so.

Up to the present we have not made any attempt to guide the location of industry. The assumption is that this is the sole concern of the entrepreneur, who is supposed to base his action on the most delicate financial calculations and elaborate economic analysis. I believe this assumption to be wrong. I suspect that Lord Nuffield built his factory at Cowley chiefly because he happened to live in Oxford, which no doubt seemed a very good reason to him. Whether it was a good reason for permitting him to do so is another question. A manufacturer, no doubt, thinks carefully about his costs of production when he is selecting a site for his works; but he takes no account whatever of the social costs involved. He planks his factory down just where he pleases and then demands from the local authority houses, schools and hospitals for his workers, roads, fire brigades, police forces, sewerage and all the other municipal services, leaving the cost of them to be borne by the local ratepayers and the general body of taxpayers (industrial premises pay scarcely anything now that they are derated by 75 per cent.). At the same time, other local communities are left to suffer the immense loss of social capital involved by the under-use of all these publicly provided institutions and services in the derelict areas where industry is needed, such as the Tyneside, South Wales and Lancashire. Neither the burden in the one case nor the loss in the other appears in the manufacturer's cost-sheet.

I shall show the bearing of this on territorial planning in my next article. WILLIAM A. ROBSON

A LONDON DIARY

REVELATIONS about last week's events will sell the Diaries and Memoirs of politicians for a generation to come. But the main outlines are already tolerably clear. Terms which the leading members of the Cabinet were familiar with had long been under discussion. Sir Samuel went to see M. Laval (Lord Halifax says *not* to settle terms, though Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel himself both imply that he was pressed to go for that purpose), and was prevailed upon to agree to proposals that went beyond those which at least some members of the Cabinet were willing to offer Mussolini—indeed they are said to have been inspired by Mussolini himself. Sir Samuel and M. Laval no doubt hoped they would arrive at Geneva after the Duce had agreed to make them a basis of discussion, when it would have been difficult for the League to turn them down. As Major Attlee put it: "I heard it suggested that the leakage caused all the trouble; that if those terms had been put out nicely dressed up, with a few words about devotion to the League and to collective security it would have been all right; that it was the absence of the kiss that made the betrayal, and not the betrayal itself." Sir Samuel therefore begged the assembled British correspondents in Paris not to divulge the terms if they heard what they were, and M. Laval made the same request to the French journalists. (We were apparently wrong in thinking that M. Laval himself arranged the leakage). Some of the British journalists who already had the terms in their pockets (private information is easy to get in Paris) actually sent them to their newspapers in this country with Sir Samuel's request attached. No British paper published them. But "Pertinax" and the diplomatic correspondent of *L'Oeuvre* both gave them in full. Owing to what he euphemistically calls "lack of liaison," Mr. Baldwin did not know the details of the terms until Monday morning, though he seems to have received them on Sunday. The Cabinet had to stand by Sir Samuel or the League, and the old school tie won. But the revolt in the Tory ranks forced them to give way and Sir Samuel resigned.

* * *

The next problem was to save the Government, and Lord

Winterton's motion which repudiated the terms without formally censuring Mr. Baldwin, was accepted by the Government as the best way of assuring that the rank and file of their supporters voted for them. This was all arranged beforehand, and nothing that Major Attlee or anyone else said about Mr. Baldwin's honour affected the vote one way or the other. Major Attlee was perfectly right: the question was how Mr. Baldwin who had accepted these terms was really in any different boat from Sir Samuel. It was smart tactics but sheer nonsense for Sir Austen Chamberlain to twit Major Attlee with having united the Conservatives behind their chief. The man who best put the feelings of the more honest supporters of the Government was Mr. Harold Nicolson. (If modesty had not forbidden it, he might, incidentally pointed out how closely the situation resembled one that also arose from " absence of liaison " described in his novel *Public Faces.*) He said:

> I spent a sleepless night wondering what in all honesty I was to do, knowing that if this White Paper had been published on the 4th November it would not be I who was sitting in this House, but my Socialist opponent, and I remember wondering and thinking in stress of conscience whether I ought not to resign my seat and return my mandate to those who had voted for me.

Sir Archibald Sinclair rubbed in the point with a damning quotation from Sir John Simon during the Election. On October 24th Sir John described the suggestion that the Government were negotiating just such a settlement as this behind the back of the League as a " wild accusation " and repudiated it with all the " authority of the Government." But negotiations for this kind of settlement were in fact going on all the time, and Sir Samuel Hoare made no pretence and no apology for accepting them. Everybody felt that he came out of the matter much better than Mr. Baldwin. He urged that he was afraid of war, that territory would have to be ceded to Mussolini sometime in any case, and holding this view, he made a fair point when he said that British diplomacy had frequently encouraged struggling people in the nineteenth century and then let them down and that he was afraid of doing the same thing for Abyssinia. What he did not explain was why, if he believed that we could not do anything to help Abyssinia, he had pretended on September 11th that we could, and why he agreed to terms which obviously did betray Abyssinia instead of going to the League and frankly saying that the risks of an oil embargo would be too great and leaving it to the League to do what it thought best.

* * *

Here is a correspondent's neat comment:

Bluff honesty was Baldwin's card
 Who never knew rebuff
Till caught completely off his guard
 In quite dishonest bluff.

* * *

Dr. Schacht seems to be the only person in Germany who is able to say in public what he thinks even if it does not coincide with the approved pattern of Nazi oratory. We need expect from him no blind avowal of the whole abracadabra of Fascist philosophy. He is that rare person, a supporter of capitalism who knows what it is and what it implies, and when Nazi economics do not conform to capitalist possibilities, it is the Nazi economics which have to suffer. Hence his recent attack on Herr Darre, the Minister of Agriculture. The German Government above all other things wants rearmament, and Dr. Schacht insists that " a modern army, more than anything else, demands a capitalist foundation." This means that it is important for the future of German economic policy that the handicraft and peasant romanticism, of which apparently Herr Darre dreams, should be recognised for moonshine. For the Nazi's industrialism has its dangers, it gives power to a potentially Communistic and disloyal proletariat. But where modern warfare is concerned arms are more important than the man. The revival of handicraft industries, however entrancing as an idea, would involve, if carried out on a large scale, a definite lowering of productivity. It is, in fact, a more subtle and less practicable method of playing the old game of solving the problem of poverty amid plenty by abolishing the plenty. And the German Government, however much it may attempt to create an artificial scarcity in other forms of production, wants a plentiful supply of arms. Like the National Government which will spend money in the Depressed Areas on munition factories, Dr. Schacht only renounces the final paradox of capitalism for the sake of rearmament which is to confer as many blessings on us in the name of war as crimes have been committed in the name of liberty.

* * *

Cavour may have been right in his statement that " Any fool can govern by martial law." But to maintain oneself in power by force for twenty-five years and finish up by dying in one's bed requires more than ordinary capacity. Of all the modern dictators only General Gomez, the late Führer of Venezuela, has so far managed it. Compared with him, Hitler, Mussolini and Al Capone must be looked upon as mere babes at the game. The repression and terrorism which have outraged modern Europe have been well known in Venezuela for more than a quarter of a century. General Gomez assumed power in 1909, and ruthlessly crushed all opposition. Oil was discovered in the country in 1912, and the General exploited the situation so successfully that in 1930 Venezuela was one of the largest oil-producing countries in the world and was able to pay off the whole of its external debt. In his idle moments, when not unduly obsessed with cares of State, he found time to amass a private fortune estimated at £20,000,000. In 1929 he retired from business, but styling himself the modern Cincinnatus, he modestly succumbed to the pressure of his friends, returned to power and quelled a few revolutions. His death has been hailed as a signal for rejoicing among all those patriots who left their country for General Gomez's good, and they are now said to be making busy preparations for return. He had 114 children, and 14 Bishops attended his funeral. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. George Peverett.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

" We may not be a very consistent people," said Mr. Chamberlain, " but I can assure you that what has happened has, from what I have already heard, caused a considerable amount of favourable comment at Geneva, where the nations there gathered together say, ' there is no people like the British people.' "—*News-Chronicle.*

The happenings of the last few days in Europe will further strengthen the Emperor's hand. Although it is difficult to convey their significance to his forces, he is sure to make it his business to let each warrior know that the opinion expressed in the French Chamber and the British House of Commons, with the scapegoating of Sir Samuel Hoare, means that the world (and, therefore, God) is with him.—*Reynolds.*

Has British foreign policy to be dictated by a junta of howling Socialists spurred on by the League of Nations Union ?—*Daily Mail* leader.

Mr. G. B. Clements has been appointed publicity agent for Quadruplets, Ltd., company formed to manage interests of four babies of Mr. Miles, of St. Neots, and will handle advertising, film and radio rights. Negotiations are now proceeding for exclusive use of quadruplets in trade advertising by large woollen manufacturers. —*World's Press News.*

Thursday next, by the way, will be the third day in thirteen parliamentary days to be congested with foreign affairs. Whatever the rights or wrongs of the dispute, I rather resent the fact that the antics of foreign dictators are able to command so much of good British time.—A. P. Herbert in *Evening Standard.*

The vicar of Hooton, the Rev. F. H. Cooke, commenting in his parish magazine upon white marble memorials, which, he says, discolour and lack harmony with stone-built churches, adds that "many of these are Italian, and it is surely out of keeping we should use Italian marble as memorials to our dead when Italy has broken before God her word of honour."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

CAN HEALTH BE BOUGHT?

IT was in the early 'eighties—when I was eleven or twelve years old. His name was James Yendall. I can't remember what it was that took me into his cottage; but I can clearly see in my memory the swollen joints of his hands and his slow and crippled progress back to his chair when he had answered my knock and let me in. His cottage was halfway down the village; and the village was halfway between Taunton and the top of the Quantock Hills. Labourer's wages averaged about fourteen shillings a week—which represented a very great advance on those which obtained when the old postman known as Seven-Shilling Shattock had thrust on him the responsibilities of paternity.

The relevant facts of this particular reminiscence are that this man, James Yendall, though under fifty years of age, was, and was reckoned, an old man; that he was crippled with rheumatism; and, as he told me, that he lived on turnips, swedes, cabbages, potatoes, a little bread, and an occasional bit of fat bacon on Sundays. Margarine, unfortunately, had not then been invented. Doubtless, as many a well-meaning interfering social worker could have told him, he might have spent the three-and-six a week at his disposal to better dietetic advantage; but I feel sure that it would not have made much difference.

I was a studious and rather priggy boy. I read a lot of grown-up books and had acquired a habit of putting two and two together; often, as I now think, wrongly. Among the very few books in our home was a copy of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*; and I had been struck by a phrase in it to the effect that labour is the source of wealth. I know to-day that that phrase needs to be reworded and qualified if it is truthfully to express the facts; but I remember asking my father why it was that this man Yendall, who had worked for eleven hours a day for at least a third of a century, couldn't afford to eat meat or butter, to drink milk, or to keep himself reasonably warm and healthy. Though my father did not tell it to me, I now know the answer to that question.

All this was over fifty years ago. In spite of the industrial slump and wholesale unemployment, things are very much better to-day. In 1935 cases like that of Yendall are scandalous exceptions—though they are commoner in some of the villages and hamlets of our southern counties than many people suspect. When I was a boy, they were so common as to be taken for granted as part of the natural order of things. In Yendall's day, the annual death-rate for England and Wales was about twenty per thousand of the population. Last year the rate was under twelve. The infant mortality rate fifty years ago was over one hundred and forty out of every thousand children born. Last year, it was fifty-nine. The death-rate has fallen partly through the application of newly discovered physiological and pathological truths, but to a far larger extent through the lessening of poverty. This may well give us ground for optimism; for we know that within a dozen years we could, if we chose to pay the price, almost abolish poverty in this country.

Last month was published a very interesting and somewhat unusual book on this subject of disease and circumstance—an English translation by Dr. C. F. Marshall of Dr. René Sand's *Health and Human Progress.** I advise everyone who is concerned with constructive politics, and wishes to correlate idealistic sociology with established fact, to buy this very stimulating and illuminating book. Dr. Sand deals with official statistics a little more critically and analytically than do many of those who draw from them the conclusions they wish to draw. This is the sort of thing. A few years ago, an investigation was made concerning some twelve thousand children born in the course of the year in the city of Baltimore. The inquiry showed that the infant mortality varied considerably according to the race and nationality of the families observed; it was average among Americans of the white race (95.9 per 1,000 live births), low in the Jews (51.0), high among the coloured race (158.6), and in the Polish population (163.2).

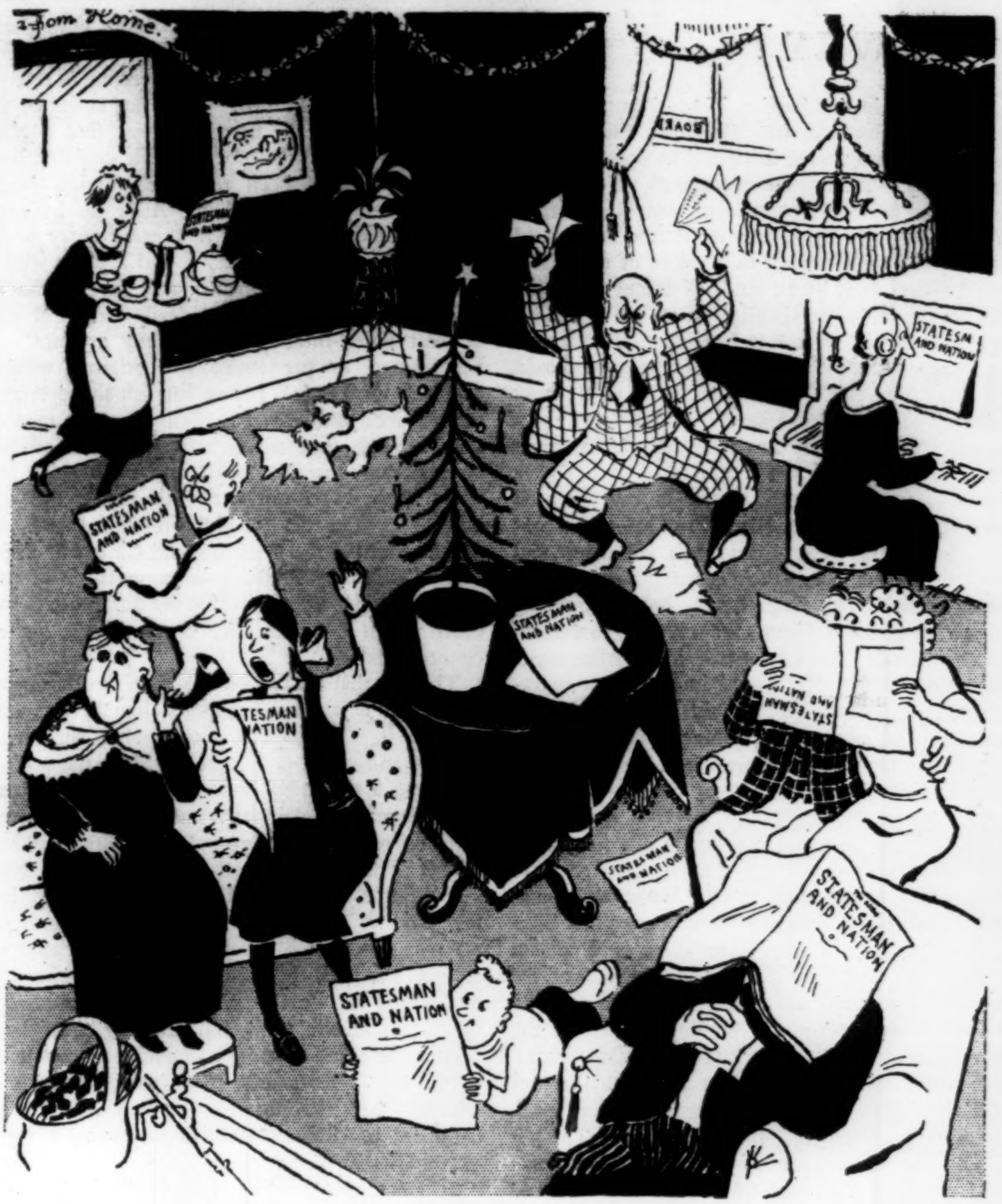
All very convincing to the complacent believers in the supreme importance of heredity in determining physical and psychic competence. But the same group of children was analysed and classified according to the wages earned by the father of the family. It was revealed that in the group where the wages were over $1,850 the infant mortality was just over thirty-eight; when the wages were between $650 and $850, the rate was just over ninety-five; and when the wages were below $450 the infant mortality rate rose to approximately one hundred and sixty-five for every thousand live births. From which it would seem to follow that, if all the children had been placed under the conditions of the infants whose fathers earned $1,850 or more, over 60 per cent. of those who died within a year of their birth would have lived and had their fair chance of reaching old age. It would be foolish to say that race and heredity had nothing to do with the results; but, clearly, relative poverty was the chief determining factor.

We need not go to America for our evidence. Last year, of every thousand babies born in Stepney, eighty-five died before they were a year old. In the City of London, where rich men spend their days whilst taking care to keep their families miles away, 133 out of every thousand children born died before their first birthday. In Lewisham, on the other hand, only forty-three infants under a year old died for every thousand births; in Hampstead, but fifty-three. Obviously, the divergencies are not to be explained either by hereditary differences or by differences in the medical skill locally available; for the Metropolitan Borough which includes Harley Street and Wimpole Street has an infant mortality rate almost identical with that of Poplar. Illuminating are some of the tables appended to the latest Government Report on the State of the Public Health. Glancing down the table of Infant Mortality rates, for instance, one cannot but be struck by the strange contrast afforded by the figures opposite pairs of names of boroughs that happen, through alphabetical similarity, to come next to one another on the list. Here are a few of these pairs. Barrow-in-Furness 95, Bath 45; Bury 84, Canterbury 38; Gateshead 87, Gloucester 52; Halifax 77, Hastings 35; Oldham 72, Oxford 45. Take tuberculosis, again. The Medical Officer for Greenwich reports that of a hundred and fifty-six patients in his district suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis ninety were sharing beds; twenty-nine had separate beds but not separate rooms; whilst only thirty-seven had separate rooms and separate beds.

There is no getting away from the fundamental fact that ill-health and poverty are closely inter-related. There are, of course, exceptions. Cancer is no commoner among poor people than among rich people. The risks of maternity seem to be even less among the poor than among the well-to-do—last year, for instance, the maternal mortality in West Ham was 2, in Wigan 3.8, and in Eastbourne 7.6 per thousand. But no one with experience would dispute the statement that ill-health and premature death are much commoner among the very poor than among their more prosperous neighbours. Poverty is not the only cause of sickness and premature death; but it is one of the chief causes, and its removal would be the first measure in any serious National Health policy. By economic and industrial reconstruction it is probable that we could, within a very few years, reduce sickness by at least one-half—perhaps by much more—and extend the average length of enjoyable life possibly by as much as a decade. But I'm afraid it would mean sacrificing those comfortable thousand-a-year incomes; and that may prove an effective obstacle.

HARRY ROBERTS

"Health and Human Progress." By René Sand. *Kegan Paul.* 10s. 6d.


From Home.
BOAR
STATESMAN AND NATION
STATESMAN AND NATION
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STATESMAN AND NATION
TESMAN NATION
STATESMAN AND NATION
STATESMAN AND NATION
STATESMAN AND NATION
STATESMAN AND NATION

IN many a Bloomsbury " Blenheim,"
In " Chatsworths " by the sea,
In peerless " Knoles " and " Haddon Halls "
This Christmas there will be
The Marxists and the ultra-Whites,
The infra-Reds, the Douglasites
(Adepts of Social Credit games
Or fans of cynophilic James),
The Die in the Last Ditch Man
The Wilhelmina Stitch Man,
The Masefield Man, the Yeats Man—
All reading *The New Statesman.*
They can't go out—the weather's murky,
They must digest that toughish turkey.
They all are cross from too much eating
(Plum-pudding is unduly heating);
Each wants a *Statesman* of his own,
(Someone's smashed the gramophone!)
The battle's set, and now it rages,
Each one seizing different pages.
" Bloated Tories ! " " Dirty Reds ! "
Soon the paper's torn to shreds —
The deaf, the blind, the paralytic,
All are criticising " Critic."
" A blasted Bolshie," cries the Colonel,
Consigning him to realms infernal ;
While his son shouts (and shakes his fist)
" I smell a deviationist —
(Consult *Das Kapital*, e.g.
Chapter Twelve, verse 23.) "
Meanwhile Mamma sighs " I began
And want to finish Caliban ! "
Mabel mutters " What's a Norse word
Meaning goddess, for the cross-word ? "
And poor old Grandpa grumbles, " Darn it,
I was reading David Garnett."
Then " Herald Angels " on th'harmonium
Adds piety to pandemonium.
Suddenly comes Santa Claus
And tranquillity restores,
Bringing in his bag of fun
A copy each for everyone.
No one wants to spar or grouse—
Peace reigns in the Boarding House.

* * *

Oh, would that statesmen, nations too,
Would during this week-end review
Their quite unnecessary quarrels,
Mind their manners, mend their morals,
Surrender all but movie shots
And foster only garden plots !

WHY ?

"WHY," asks some one in the *Sunday Times*, "must we call Praha Prague, Firenze Florence, and Vlissingen Flushing ?" The most reasonable answer seems to be : "In order that we may be understood by other English-speakers." If one does not mind whether one is understood or not, one is at perfect liberty to call Flushing Vlissingen, and no doubt one would call it Vlissingen if one were talking to a native of the place. After all we call London itself by all kinds of names according to what country we happen to be visiting. If we are in France and talking to a Frenchman, we call it Londres. If we are in Italy, we call it Londra ; and, if we were in Turkey, we should probably call it something else. Nobody seems to be a penny the worse as a result of this arrangement.

It seems to me a rather pretty arrangement. If we must pay the penalty for the sin of the builders of the Tower of Babel, we may as well enjoy the luxury of inventing all sorts of names for places. Why should we meekly accept the names that foreigners have given their countries and cities ? If Germans choose to call their country Deutschland, that is their own affair. The Englishman, however, seeing it on the map, prefers to call it Germany, and the Frenchman decides that for his part he likes to think of it as l'Allemagne. If one were a mere theorist, one would imagine that extraordinary confusion must result from every country's having so many aliases. But, in point of fact, there is no confusion, and national languages look all the more charming because of all the unnecessary names they contain for foreign countries and towns.

One of the worst signs of modern times is our increasing incapacity to invent new names for the new places that are being continually added to the map. In the luxuriant days of the Elizabethans speakers of English would not have been content with the names foreigners have given such places as Brno, Ljubljana, and Gdynia. The creative genius of the language would have moulded each of these horrid names into an English shape. These names are un-English just as the name of London is un-French. The English-speaking races, however, have become strangely submissive during the present century. First, they give up St. Petersburg for Petrograd, and then they give up Petrograd for Leningrad. This, it seems to me, is a mark of decadence in the descendants of a race that once renamed Livorno Leghorn. Why should Englishmen abandon their right to call any foreign city any name they please ? They showed weakness again when they fell in with the Norwegian caprice of rechristening or dechristening a famous city Oslo. The correct thing to have done at the time would have been to have let it be known that there was already a word in English for Oslo, and that no good purpose could be served by changing it. After all, Scotsmen feel no resentment because the French refuse to call Scotland Scotland or Edinburgh Edinburgh. They admit the right of the French to invent their own names for everything in the universe from the sun, moon and stars down. That is the true international spirit. If you have ever heard a Frenchman who knew no English trying to pronounce the name of the city of Birmingham, you must have realised how much misunderstanding can result from the absence of a foreign name for a famous place. I once met a Frenchman who told me that he had been visiting Birmingham, and for a considerable time I could not understand that it was Birmingham he was talking about, simply because he was doing his best to call it Birmingham. It is a word totally unsuited to French pronunciation. If the French had had their own name for the place, something like Bermenges, I should have understood at once. That is why to my mind the multiplication of aliases for countries and places is a matter of some international importance.

The English soldiers in the war behaved in the best linguistic tradition when they gave up the attempt to pronounce the name of Ypres as the natives pronounce it and boldly called it Wipers. Unfortunately officialdom gave them no support but accepted the foreign names of foreign places all over the map of Europe. Thus we had Government references to places with names like Przmzl. I will not swear to the accuracy of the spelling, but the name was one that ought obviously to have been remodelled for English consumption. After all, the English have been renaming foreign places ever since they learned to talk English. After the invasion of Ireland, they proceeded bit by bit to rename every town, village and river in the country. They found a place with the charming name Baile-bun-dhà-abhainn, and gave it the English name Ballybunion. It is not an ideally beautiful name, but it is at least more intelligible than any attempt on the part of Englishmen to pronounce the original would have been. Similarly the English put an English shape even on the names of Irish men and women. If they found a man called Aodh O Dhubhthaigh they wisely refrained from attempting to pronounce the name and spelt and called him Hugh Duffy, a name more in consonance with the genius of the English language. The Irish rightly retaliated and called England Sasana, and the North of England Cúige Uladh i Sasana (which means Ulster in England—an appellation of profound significance, since it recognises that the difference between north and south is not a merely Irish characteristic, but exists in other countries as well).

The fact that the custom of renaming other people's countries and towns is universal suggests that there is something to be said for it. I object to it only when the renaming is compulsory and a sign of conquest. Since the war various nations have had a mania for renaming places in annexed territories. They have taken the matter too seriously, as nearly everything is taken too seriously nowadays. Nowadays ? Well, to say that is perhaps to imply that human beings were once sane—a suggestion that, after dipping into history, I see no reason for making. From the earliest times human beings have taken names far too seriously, and in age after age a conquest of arms has been followed by a conquest of nomenclature. At one period the English passed a law forbidding any Irishman to use his Gaelic name and ordering every Irishman instead to take the name of some occupation or colour, such as Fisher or Green. Fortunately, it is easier to make a law than to compel obedience to it. The names of a people survive centuries of conquest and the Ryans and the Dwyers have outstayed their invaders.

It is curious, however, since human beings regard names so seriously, that no nation has ever yet gone to war on the ground that its chief place-names had been deliberately altered by some other country. After all, as individuals, we strongly object to having our names even mispronounced. A famous man of the last generation had the reputation of deliberately mispronouncing the name of any one he disliked. I was told that he always mispronounced mine. The misspelling of our names is equally offensive. Mr. A. G. Gardiner once wrote a delightful essay on the subject of a man called Thompson who was continually getting letters with his name spelt Thomson in the address. One gathered from the essay that Mr. Gardiner's own name had suffered mutilation in similar fashion ; and no man but a Stoic philosopher can bear with equanimity the loss or alteration of a single letter in his family name. Those who are born into the Thompson family feel that it is the p that makes all the difference and sets them aristocratically apart from the Thomsons. The Thomsons similarly feel that it is the p that makes all the difference and that its absence from their name sets them aristocratically apart from the Thompsons. We have learnt to spell so well that we no longer concede, as they did in the illiterate days of Shakespeare, the right of everybody to spell everybody else's name according to taste. To address Smith as Smyth, or *vice versa*, is an insult.

Yet nations, so much touchier than individuals in some respects, do not seen to care how other nations mispronounce or misspell their names. The French have never made it a grievance that the English barbarously mispronounce the names both of France and of its capital. The Italians have never sent an ambassador to request that English people shall no longer persist in referring to Roma as Rome and to Napoli as Naples. Yet is the name of Paris not as precious as that of Thompson? Is the name of Roma not as sacred as that of Smith? The answer in both cases is, "It is." Yet nobody cares. For some obscure reason this is a matter in regard to which the nations of the earth have chosen to behave sanely. How rare and how refreshing a spirit! In view of so noble an example, I cannot do less than let it be known that my friends, enemies, and correspondents are henceforth at liberty to misspell or mispronounce my name as they please. Y. Y.

Correspondence

SANCTIONS AND WAR

Sir,—Some time ago you were good enough to print a letter from me in which I pointed out that sanctions might mean war. As this letter was treated by the intellectuals of the Left with the contempt which it deserved, a second letter from me can do you no harm.

It is the opinion of those who are in a position to know that "we are very near war with Italy" (I am quoting one of them). They also think that a war between England and Italy might very probably become general. Even if general war were avoided, they admit that the defeat of Italy—always supposing that it is Italy who is defeated—would lead on to civil war in that country certainly, and in France and Spain very probably. In fact, though here they smilingly suggest that perhaps I am going a bit too far, they would not deny that, if England makes war on Italy now, by this time next year those of us who are not dead may be wishing that we were.

I do not believe that this is what the majority of English people desire.

Unfortunately, the people of England are being at once goaded and bamboozled by two distinct sets of warmongers. I think they have a right to know the truth.

Most Socialists and many Radicals have for a long time wished to crush Italy. Any determined attempt to crush Italy means war in Europe. That is no longer in dispute. The avowed motive of Left-wing war-makers has been love for the League, their unavowed motive hatred of Fascism. Beside this group now stands another, the Young Patriots—for it is to be observed that those who were old enough to bear arms in the last war are generally pacific. This young conservative group also professes love for the League, but its true motive is wounded vanity. As one of its leaders put it to me the other day, "We can't take it lying down from these b——y wops." I think it desirable that the people of England should know that they are being asked to smash such fragments of European civilisation as survive, and sacrifice such happiness as they may extract from their individual lives, in order (*a*) to gratify the reckless spite or, if you will, the righteous indignation of a group of Socialists and Radicals; (*b*) to stanch a wound in the pride of our Young Patriots.

Finally, it should be known that Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues are well aware of both dangers: the probability of war, and the probable consequences of what no doubt he would prefer to call "a Mediterranean conflict." But it is an odd fact that men who are not afraid of being responsible for what may be the most appalling disaster in history are frightened out of their wits by the cackling of the *Times*. I congratulate Mr. Geoffrey Dawson: with Pope he may fairly boast:

"Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me."

50 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Clive Bell

LABOUR IN THE ELECTIONS

Sir,—In his letter excusing the defeat of the Socialist party at the General Election Lord Strabolgi says, "By the end of the campaign I thought we were back to the 1929 position in seats won." He admits he was "disappointed," but consoles himself with the observation that the Socialists "have had a run of bad luck . . . during the last six years." There follows a list of eight reasons why the Socialists were so unlucky.

It is not my intention in this letter to argue whether the Socialist defeat was due, as Mr. Cole suggests, to bad electioneering, or whether Lord Strabolgi is right in ascribing it to bad luck. But I wish to point out that if Lord Strabolgi's eight reasons are valid after the election, they must have been valid before it. What right, then, had his lordship, in the face of such bad luck ("Of course we lost," he says), to suppose that his party was "back to the 1929 position in seats won," or even to be disappointed at the result of the election?

No, sir. Wisdom after the event was ever cold comfort.

I hope you will be kind enough to publish a letter from one who in his humble way disagrees with almost all the views of the New Statesman and Nation, but who nevertheless much enjoys reading it. John Hope

AMANDA ROS

Sir,—I turn to Y.Y.'s column always with pleasure, but more especially so when public affairs are oppressive. I was glad to read his recent appreciation of Amanda Ros's novel *Delina Delaney* and also to see that it is being republished. I hope her other novel *Irene Iddesleigh* will soon follow. But perhaps one of your readers will tell me whether a third book she projected was ever published. It was called *Six Months in Hell*. I wrote to her about it in 1910 and I received the following reply which I am sure you will be glad for me to transcribe in full.

> My dear Sir,
>
> Yes indeed I am my own publisher and shall be to the bitter end. I don't believe in publishers who wish to butter their bannocks on both sides while they'd hardly allow an author to *smell* treacle. I consider they are too grabby altogether and, like Methodists, they love to keep the Sabbath and everything else they lay hands upon. This is my experience of the crew.
>
> My next work, which could not appear too soon, is written chiefly to cut up the lawyers, a gang I absolutely detest. When it appears they will get a chance *then* of snarling, biting and guzzling each other in their dog-beds of injustice. They'll get a tiny "drop" when they swallow its intestines. I've thrashed the clerics too, and royalty won't laugh over its pages.
>
> My present two works were written more through fun, but I turned the scale when writing *Six Months in Hell*. It is as differently written as tar from snow. I hope when you have the pleasure of digesting its pages that you will add to my long list of its expected admirers.
>
> I am, Thine verily,
> Amanda M. Ros
> Arthur Ponsonby, Esq. Author.
> (I feel a higher title is yours.)

Y.Y. will notice that in the last line she scented a peer even at the distance of twenty years.

In the pre-war Parliaments I was apt to be a rather severe critic of Sir Edward Grey (as he then was). Politically, therefore, there was a coolness between us. But when passing through the division lobby if I found myself near him a quotation from *Delina Delaney* would at once be capped by a better one on his part or a whole passage from *Irene Iddesleigh*.

In another letter which I have (not addressed to me) she gives some autobiographical details, one sentence of which I must quote as an illustration of her uniquely effective style:

> By birth I am an Irish woman though a dash of German blood piebalds my veins; my father traced descent from Sitric, son of Amlanc, King of the Danes, but such antiquitous tracery almost obliterates relationship and I assure you I do not wish to pose as a limb of kingly caste.

In spite of her remarks about publishers I hope Messrs. Chatto and Windus will not rest till the manuscript, or perhaps the printed version, of *Six Months in Hell* is produced by them in a uniform edition with the other two.

You should know (on her own authority) that her full name is: Amanda Malvina Fitzalan Anna Margaret McKelland McKittrick Ros. Ponsonby

Shulbrede Priory, Haslemere.

DER STÜRMER

Sir,—In your last issue you published a letter from Miss Frances M. Guthrie on the question of the *Stürmer*. Although Miss Guthrie does not attempt to defend the persecution that is taking place in Germany, she seems to have been unwittingly influenced by the clever Nazi propaganda. She is perfectly right in maintaining that a large number of the German people do not agree with Streicher's vapourings. Probably even the great majority of the people looks upon the activities of Herr Streicher and his friends with disgust or contempt, but this majority is unable to express itself. If, however, the Nazis have tried in conversation with Miss Guthrie to minimise the actual influence of this paper, they have deceived her. It is not true that the method used by the *Stürmer* for advertising itself and influencing public opinion against the Jews is nothing unusual in Germany. Other newspapers may display themselves in front of their publishing offices or their local agencies, but only the *Stürmer* enjoys the privilege of being displayed in special show cases erected for the purpose in the most frequented places of the towns or villages. The inauguration of these cases is frequently a solemn act of Nazi propaganda, Nazi bands playing and the local Nazi leader making a fiery anti-Jewish speech. The importance of the *Stürmer* may be seen from the fact that this paper has a circulation of some 480,000 copies, a circulation that is not reached by any other political paper in Germany, not even by the *Völkischer Beobachter*. In June of this year, in Memmingen (not far from Stuttgart), a man who refused to buy a copy of the *Stürmer* that was offered to him was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. People in general may despise Streicher and his methods, but the people of real importance in German affairs endorse Streicher's policy. When Herr Streicher celebrated his fiftieth birthday last year, Herr Hitler himself flew to Nuremberg for the occasion, and praised him as one of his most valued lieutenants. Herr Göring, Herr Goebbels and Herr Baldur von Schirach, the leader of the Nazi Youth Movement, have frequently backed Streicher in solemn declarations. At the Nuremberg Party gathering Herr Streicher sat beside Hitler and was allowed to acclaim the anti-Jewish Nuremberg laws as a success of his campaign and of the campaign of the *Stürmer*. At another ceremonial procession of the Nazis that took place in Munich a few weeks ago, Herr Streicher headed the procession, even preceding Hitler himself.

If Miss Guthrie states that Jews in Germany are allowed to go about their business unhindered and unmolested, this simply is not true. Nobody has ever suggested that there are no Jewish shops open in Germany. Miss Guthrie herself saw only two flourishing Jewish shops in Stuttgart. But the advertisement columns of some of the newspapers, where Jewish business men seek buyers for their shops, and the reports in the whole German press of various incidents, show very clearly that there is no truth in the statement concerning the unmolested Jewish business men. Even if the people try to resist the boycott, in many towns it is forced upon them by the Nazi authorities. In stating these facts nobody desires to create ill-feeling against the German people as such, but only to reveal the truth and to expose the character of those who are to-day the authorities in that country.

London, N.W.11. G. W.

SIR,—A letter signed "Frances M. Guthrie," appearing in your issue of December 14th, attempts to show that the anti-Jewish propaganda of Julius Streicher has had little influence on public opinion in Germany.

Thereagainst may I put in a telegram from Berlin reproduced in the *New York Herald* Paris edition, of December 14th or 15th, as follows?

> STREICHER GETS PALACE FOR ANTI-JEWISH WORK.
> (From the Herald Tribune Bureau)
>
> Berlin, Dec. 13th. Julius Streicher, notorious Nazi leader of Franconia, will receive a 40-room palace as a Christmas present. It was announced that the Cramer-Klett Palace in Nuremberg, which is now being restored and modernised, will be presented to Streicher as a surprise for Christmas by the town of Nuremberg.
>
> The presentation is being made, it is said, in recognition of Streicher's work for the Nazi party and in furthering anti-Semitism in Germany. The palace is estimated at a value of $100,000.

Moreover, one hears from all sides accounts of the persecution to which Jews are in many places submitted; upright living and character, useful work, make no difference. It is as Jews that they are persecuted and that many of them are driven to suicide.

S. L.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF PHILOSOPHY

SIR,—You were kind enough four years ago to publish a letter appealing for support of the British Institute of Philosophy, which was founded in 1925 with the late Lord Balfour as its first President. The appeal was based on the existing disorganisation of beliefs in fundamental principles in every department of life, and the need of a cultivation of systematic thought that has the most intimate bearing on practice. Since then this need has not diminished. We have seen in the interval the rise of forms of political life which appear to deny those constructive forces which have been generally regarded as of first importance. On this and on other accounts there is pressing need to consider what the primary standards of right and wrong in the conduct of nations should be.

We therefore, in the tenth year of the Institute, venture to ask again for your hospitality with a view to making its work better known and obtaining further support that will enable it to extend its activities. These consist at present of the publication of the quarterly review *Philosophy*, the holding of courses of public lectures, the organisation in London and other cities of reading circles, and the arrangement of monthly evening addresses by leaders of opinion in various departments of thought, scientific, aesthetic, political, moral and religious. Those of your readers who would desire to become members of the Institute (the subscription is £1 1*s*., which covers the price of the quarterly review) or to obtain further information with regard to it, are invited to communicate with the Director of Studies at the rooms of the Institute in University Hall, 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

S. ALEXANDER OLIVER LODGE
ARTHUR EDDINGTON J. H. MUIRHEAD
WILLIAM EBOR BERTRAND RUSSELL
W. R. INGE RUTHERFORD
London. A. D. LINDSAY HERBERT SAMUEL

THE MONEY PAYMENTS ACT

SIR,—"Critic" in your issue of December 14th does well to invite us to rejoice over the Money Payments Act of 1935 and to exercise ourselves to see that it is in fact operated. A serious defect in relation to separation cases in the Home Office Circular should not however be lost sight of. It is assumed that once a legal right to a separation has been established by a wife the amount of her allowance is only a matter of arithmetic applied to her husband's means and her own, whereas the Bench should take into consideration *her* behaviour during the marriage, and the extent to which she has contributed to the separation, in fixing the amount. If this were done more frequently than it is, much bitterness and resentment against injustice on the part of husbands and consequent imprisonment would be avoided. ALEC CRAIG

33 Ulysses Road, London, N.W.6.

LIBRARY FACILITIES

SIR,—While the world is full of major injustices, to complain of small inconveniences may show lack of a sense of proportion, but the inconveniences are real all the same.

The Reading Room of the British Museum closes at 6 p.m. My work ends at 5.30. It seems as if the State had decided that only scholars and the unemployed should be allowed to make real use of the excellent facilities for research which have been provided with so much care. But the additional staff necessary to keep the Reading Room open would not cost very much. In both Germany and the United States the libraries are open late. At Oxford the Radcliffe Camera is open till 10 p.m. For the present staff of the Reading Room I have only praise, but I wish to see two such staffs, or if that will cost too much books could be got only till, say, 7 p.m. while reading might go on till 10 or 11 p.m.

The same premature ejectment occurs from the fine library of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and I am sure that I have not exhaustive knowledge of this subject.

At Westminster Public Library, when I wished to use the suggestion book I was told that it was a privelege of residents in Westminster not extended to those who only worked there. As the huge rateable value of Westminster is created largely by offices this seems a little unjust. I must add that with great courtesy the assistant consented to lay my suggestion before the head librarian though I might not write it in the suggestion book.

With the notable exception of the National Gallery the Museums of London shut just when the majority of people are free to see them. The Chinese Exhibition is not open on Sunday, the Soane Museum is shut whenever I can go there. While I do not wish to give museum staffs extra work it is important that a civilised nation should stop this state of affairs. OLIVER BELL

11 Ladbroke Square, W.11.

SCOTTISH PROVERBS

SIR,—Why does Mr. David Garnett stigmatise Scottish proverbs as repellent? He does not quote any and I have not seen the *Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, but can remember some in common use, both engaging and wise.

Of the man who anticipates misfortune: "He sups sorrow through a long spoon."

Of the fond parent: "Every craw thinks its ain bird the whitest."

Of an ungrateful child: "It's an ill bird that files its ain nest."

Of meddlers: "Keep your breath to cool your parritch"; and "Don't scad your tongue with other folk's broth."

Of adversity: "A stout heart to a stey brae."

A rebuke to users of cosmetics: "A bonnie face suits the dish clout."

Of marriage: "Put your hand in the creel
Get an adder or an eel."

These proverbs and many others are, or were, in daily use in Scotland. ROSNA GRAHAM

2 Doughty Street, W.C.1.

GEORGE BRANDES

SIR,—The Royal Library of Copenhagen and the Society of Danish Language and Literature are at present collecting letters from the late Professor Dr. George Brandes (Author of *Shakespeare: A Critical Study*, *Disraeli*, *Voltaire*, *Nietzsche*, *Michelangelo*, *Poland*, etc.) to his European and American correspondents, in order to establish a collection of letters from George Brandes to supplement the many letters to him already existing in the Brandes Collection in the Royal Library.

I have undertaken to help in procuring Brandes' letters to his British correspondents so that such letters may be incorporated into the Brandes Collection at the Royal Library and preserved there in future as evidence of the literary relations between England and Denmark during the later part of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries. Should the owners not wish to present them to the Danish Royal Library, the loan of the letters for the purpose of having them photographically copied would be gratefully appreciated. I undertake to insure the letters while in the possession of the Royal Library and of myself, and in transit they will be treated with every care. In due course, the most important letters will be published in a work comprising eight volumes.

The Royal Library have asked me to express their best thanks in anticipation to the owners of the letters and beg them to communicate with the undersigned. C. A. BANG

Prestwood,
Great Missenden,

COVENTRY PATMORE

SIR,—Mr. Peter Quennell's review of Mr. Derek Patmore's *Portrait of My Family* gives an interesting contrast between Coventry Patmore's "Departure" and the nobility of the "Exequy on his Wife," by Henry King (1592–1669)—Patmore reproachful that his widow left him without a farewell embrace; King remorseful that he should be alive while his loved one is dead. A modern contrast to Patmore's "sublime egotism"—and in an even closer approximation of theme—may be drawn from Thomas Hardy's *Without Ceremony*, with its tender understanding:

It was your way, my dear,
To vanish without a word . . .
So now that you disappear
Forever in that swift style,
Your meaning seems to me
Just as it used to be:
"Good-bye is not worth while."

VERE H. COLLINS

WINTER DISTRESS LEAGUE

SIR,—May I again bring to your readers' attention the very constructive and human work of the Winter Distress League? All men's thoughts are turned at this season to making home a centre of happiness, but let us remember that without a job thousands of our fellow countrymen cannot provide even the means for a warm fire, a good meal or the simplest treat for their children.

The League expends most of its funds in paying wages to men put to work on useful jobs that could not otherwise be done—jobs that benefit public benevolent institutions, hospitals, clubs for the unemployed, the reclamation and preparation of waste land for allotments and other land work. The best gift any of us can give to those on whom the burden of economic dislocation has fallen so heavily is the chance to be independent, and to carry their own responsibilities. Many years' association with the Winter Distress League enables me to vouch for the careful economy of its administration, the sympathy and humanity of its methods, and the lasting beneficial results of its work. Any contribution should be sent to the Secretary, Winter Distress League, 23 Bedford Row, W.C.1, or to me at 1 Amen Court, St. Paul's, E.C.4.

H. R. L. SHEPPARD

Miscellany

TOLSTOY

TWENTY-FIVE years have passed since Tolstoy fled from his wife and home at Yasnaya Polyana to seek isolation and to die. In their childhood Tolstoy's elder brother pretended to have hidden in the earth a green stick on which was written a secret that would destroy all the evil in the world. It was Tolstoy's wish to be buried in this place. "To escape. To escape," were the last words he spoke in his delirium. From what? Gorki, who hated Tolstoy's teaching as much as he was awed by his greatness, said he was a man who was forever seeking God on behalf of mankind so that, having given Him to the world, God would leave him alone. His relations with God, Gorki said, were "very suspicious. They sometimes remind me of two bears in a den."

Gorki hated the typical Russian passivism of Tolstoy's opposition to the State; and the Bolsheviks have banned those books of Tolstoy which preach the anarchism or mysticism of the teachings of Jesus, literally regarded. "The Lord walks among the pots and pans"—Santa Teresa, like all mystics, essentially a very practical person, was also in conflict with Communism's predecessor, the Roman Catholic Church. The Christian Tolstoy is also banned in Germany. His denunciations of patriotism were enough for that. There are many arguments in his peace essays which have a prophetic application to the modern State, but which were learned from the methods of Tsarism. He understood long before 1914 the methods of conscious and unconscious militarist propaganda; and we are now seeing the truth of his observation that:

> the only difference between past and present is that as many more people now share in the advantages afforded by patriotism to the upper classes, many more people take part in spreading and keeping up that amazing superstition.

Tolstoy's pacifism cuts across the paradox that the cause of peace has grown stronger as the belief in immortality has become weaker, with the mystical and literalist view of Jesus' saying that the "Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Why Tolstoy's complete opposition to the State in all its activities should shock Communists, who envisage eventually a stateless as well as a classless society, is not hard to see. When he spoke of the time when the transition would occur, he made it a matter not of the infinitely procrastinated will of vested authority but of individual conscience. And with intimate, domestic vividness:

> Quite independently of any man's opinion as to whether chicks are mature enough for him to drive the mother-hen away from the nest and let them come out of their shells, the questions will be settled by the birds themselves . . .

Are there any Tolstoyans left? Are there still isolated followers in the new countries and colonies, freak believers like Samuel Butler's lunatic who said he had been expecting the end of the world for some time, but not that it would come so soon? The Tolstoyan impulse was important in the pre-war peace movements and gave many men the courage to be conscientious objectors. But is it possible now, when the modern State is an immense benefactor as well as an immense destroyer, that Tolstoy's teachings can have any influence? Does he exemplify that equivocal and eccentric idealism which is the product of psychological malady—egotism dressed up in harp, wings and robes—and which creates a few sectarian minorities, easily labelled, disposed of and forgotten? The extremity of Tolstoy's views has been the enemy of the value in them. Non-resistance to evil—possibly, if it means refusal to fight in a war of aggression, or perhaps, in any war; but why non-resistance to the domestic burglar or the gangster? Tolstoy's opponents were able to avoid the issue with their story of the imaginary brigand who murders a woman and child while the Tolstoyan stands passively by, but Tolstoy was not deflected:

> Yet no one sees or desires to see that the strife that can liberate man from violence is not strife with a fantastic brigand, but with those actual brigands who now practice violence on men.

In the essay on Wm. Lloyd Garrison, now published in the latest volume of Mr. Aylmer Maude's Centenary Edition,* there is the basis, both temperamental and reasoned, of Tolstoy's belief: "the denial of any man's right over the liberty of another under any conditions whatsoever." The seeds of the failure of Tolstoyism came from this extreme, anarchic individualism. Russia is the country of devastating simplifications, the naif and the cynical lying side by side. Gorki thought that Tolstoy's anarchism was "our Slav anti-stateism which again is really a national characteristic and desire, ingrained in our flesh from older times, to scatter nomadically."

His religion was the religion of an artist—none the less that because, like Plato, he had denounced art—and was suited chiefly to artists and aristocrats. Anna Seuron, the governess at Yasnaya Polyana, shrewdly observed that those Tolstoyans who had solid private incomes got the most lasting ethical satisfactions from the doctrine. One must indeed take care to be of the same condition as one's admired prophets.

The War showed clearly that Tolstoy's denunciations of patriotism were justified, and the present condition of affairs in Germany confirms his own position that resistance to the demands of the State is strongest in the religious conscience. But the absolute pacifist who, in the words of *The Kingdom of God is Within You*, has asked of the approaching calamity, Is it all true? and who has found, with Tolstoy, that "it is only necessary for him to doubt the reality of what presents itself to him and he will wake up and everything that so oppressed and tormented him will vanish instantly," will find that religious simplifications have their setbacks. What does the pacifist do with his sadism? Tolstoy experienced the difficulty in the strangely allied matter of sexual love. At the age of 70, he quaintly said, "I was myself a husband last night, but that is no reason for abandoning the struggle; God may grant me not to be so again!"

Psychology, working on the immense amount of intimate material which has been published since Tolstoy's death, has been very damaging to his position, for it has tunnelled like a musk rat under the solid fortifications of his egotism and morality. Our instincts rebel against his idealism because we see in it the expression of the desire for death in a man who, vigorous and joyous in sensual life and excelling in describing physical action and the sensuous surface of life, has turned to rend the physical. He was obsessed with the physical. Why should he force upon us the doctrine of escape that sprang from his revulsions? The death of his mother before he was two years old, whom he nevertheless described in idealised terms, his devotion to his eldest brother, his early shyness, the failure of his first love affair, his idealisation of marriageable women and his self-abandonment to courtesans, the suddenness of his conversion recalling, though in the more sober and graduated tones suited to a nineteenth century country gentleman, the conversions of Loyola and St. Paul, and the wildness of his look when he exclaimed in his old age:

> And I will tell the truth about women when I have one foot in the grave—I shall tell it, jump into my coffin, pull the lid over me and say, "Do what you like now."

—there is a lot of evidence for the psychological examination of idealism and guilt.

In this manner Tolstoy ought to have died; it would have been typically cunning, simple and dramatic. Such a death would have been like one of those simple, shrewd examples that poke up like a peasant's mocking face in the midst of his faith, and which he used with the skill of an old and unregenerate artist—the tale of the gypsy's horse or of the man grinding meal. It was this gift for taking his parables from the wayside and the hearth which made him a master of didactic persuasion and one of the few readable preachers.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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* *The Kingdom of God and Peace Essays.* Translated by Aylmer Maude, with an introduction by Gilbert Murray. Tolstoy Centenary Edition. Oxford University Press. 21 vols. Nine guineas.

VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD

It is difficult to think or talk of Viscount Cecil; he remains Bob Cecil or Lord Robert. Fundamentally he is a grand seigneur, but a grand seigneur in perpetual deshabille. The most informal and kindliest of men, one still feels deep down in him the formal and formidable modes and manners of an *ancien régime*. That is why no one face to face would venture to treat him with undue familiarity, and yet there must be hundreds who hardly know him and yet know him affectionately as Bob Cecil.

Bob Cecil is the most Cecilian of the Cecils. There are connoisseurs of the family who would give the pride of that particular place to Lord Hugh. But they would certainly be wrong. The fairies at Lord Hugh's birth went just a fraction of an inch too far; their generosity has embarrassed Lord Hugh and he has soared away into those regions where the characteristic becomes the caricature. It was in Lord Robert in 1864 that the family characteristics reached their apogee, and it is dangerous even for the best fairies to carry things beyond the highest point.

It is impossible to speak adequately of Bob Cecil without continually mentioning or referring to his family. There is obviously something of great strength, potency, individuality in the genius or genes of the Cecil family. When and whence it came one cannot say with certainty. It would be pleasant to believe that it already existed in Hatfield 300 years ago in the chromosomes of the famous minister of Elizabeth and James I. But there is no evidence that it existed at all until Robert Cecil was born in 1830, the son of the second Marquess of Salisbury and Frances Gascoyne. One can certainly observe in Bob Cecil and his brothers and sisters some marked characteristics which belonged to their father, the Victorian Prime Minister, but the Cecilian flavour of the Cecil family, as we know it, must owe a great deal to the lady whom Lord Salisbury married.

Bob Cecil is a political Don Quixote. I first noted the fact one day when I walked behind him through St. Stephen's Hall to the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament and watched the policeman salute him. If Don Quixote had been a peer in the twentieth century, he would have looked exactly like that—the same remarkable figure and the still more remarkable hat and clothes. It will be remembered that Don Quixote thought nothing of wearing his great-grandfather's armour which had lain for ages forgotten in a corner, eaten with rust and covered with mildew, and that as his helmet was not complete he patched it up with cardboard. Bob Cecil takes the same view of clothes. But the resemblance is spiritual as well as physical. There is the same simplicity of soul; the same complete disinterestedness; the same romantic belief in rightness and wrongness; the same inclination occasionally to tilt at what the world regards as windmills. That, of course, does not mean that he is in any sense a flabby sentimentalist. There is nothing soft in Bob Cecil; he has the hard head and the tough fibre of the Cecils. It is this which enabled him, when he was younger, to be a Don Quixote who was a highly successful K.C.

This kind of political Don Quixote was not an uncommon type among British aristocrats in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It is extremely difficult for it to survive and keep its seat in a House of Commons dominated by Party machines. Apparently your only chance of survival is in being an aristocrat and a Tory, for I can think of no one who has succeeded in recent times except Lord Henry Bentinck and Lord Robert Cecil. The latter has gone farther and achieved much more than Lord Henry Bentinck, for he had a stronger character and a stronger mind. Since the war the cause of peace and of the League of Nations owes more to him than to any man in Europe.

That is a fact or an epitaph which any man might be proud of; but it is impossible to leave it at that. It is impossible, in writing of Bob Cecil, not to speculate why, however noble his achievement, he has not achieved more. He ought to have been Prime Minister and there was a moment after the war when many people regarded that as a serious possibility. If a strong government under Viscount Cecil had succeeded the government of Mr. Lloyd George, the whole history of Europe might well have been different. One sees now not only that it did not, but that it could not, happen. Despite his integrity and tenacity of purpose, he lacks that last little white-hot spark of will power which enables a man to impose himself both upon other men and upon events. A hunting M.P., an irritated admirer of his, once exclaimed in despair: "Bob Cecil does not take his fences!" The general charge is not true; he takes his own fence in his own peculiar way. Once more it is the Cecil family or Don Quixote in the twentieth century; if Don Quixote or Bob Cecil rode to hounds, they would take their own peculiar fences in their own peculiar way, and the spectators would marvel at their quixotic choice of fences. If you want an example from politics recall the fact that Lord Robert Cecil remained a member of Lloyd George's government and resigned only over Welsh Disestablishment. Can any one, remembering the state of post-war Europe, Lloyd George's post-war policy, and Lord Robert's view of international affairs, imagine a more peculiar fence to take?

COCK AND DOODLE

HAVE you heard of the Cock and the Doodle,
That very harmonious pair?
Mr. Cock is as gay as a poodle,
Mrs. Doodle as sad as a bear.

But this isn't the sole explanation
Of their mutual love and respect;
It is simply: each one's conversation
Is allowed to continue unchecked.

When the Doodle and Cock go a-walking,
Mrs. Doodle has one little wish:
And that is to do all the talking
(Mr. Cock is as silent as fish).

But when, this soliloquy ended,
Mrs. Doodle is hoarse as a crow,
Mr. Cock, with his neck well extended,
Takes over, and lets himself go!

Then he shouts "Hip Hooray! Sursum Corda!
Jubilee, jubilate and Rejoice!—
Mrs. Doodle may be quite in order,
But it's I, Mr. Cock, have the *Voice!*

"Hallelujah! Hosannah and RIOT!!
Praise the *Lord* and let *His* kingdom come!!!"
And so, while the Doodle is quiet,
He bellows until he is dumb.

This agreeable tale has a moral
And that I will add to my rhyme:
Two affectionate friends cannot quarrel
If they'll only speak one at a time.

OTTO WATTEAU

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"This World of Ours" at the Gate Theatre

Not so good as last year. In the planturous revues of Mr. Cochran and Mr. Charlot we expect some scenes to be subnormal, but the Gate show is so short, and of course so bravely free from the merely material allurements of decor, that it cannot get away with its weak patches. And the patches are too weak. When the chorus sing "Soon we'll have to Dance," we wonder why they have to. And throughout the show the dancing seems to give more pleasure to the performers than to the audience. Mr. Hedley Briggs is enormously versatile—he acts, he sings, he dances, he designs scenery; but there are two things which in this show he has done really badly—the choreography and the costumes of the chorus. Further, the sketches, *Facing the Facts* and *Standard English* and *By Any Other Name* are commonplace. We are left, then, with the *commerage* of Miss Charlotte Leigh, and a series of satirical songs. These are brilliant. *Literary Widows* is perhaps the best—Mr. Herbert Farjeon's verses about the ladies who write their distinguished husband's Lives give the cut direct. Miss Hermione Gingold as a Queen of Song and a Bicyclist has rich material and makes the most of it, Mr. Briggs as a choir-boy is rich, and the song *Tatler Time* fills a long felt want. Miss Charlotte Leigh's two songs are the peak of the entertainment—it is incomprehensible that she is not obliged to sing half a dozen. And her reading from Sir James Barrie is as richly backed with *double entendre* as *Romeo and Juliet*. The music, especially Mr. Geoffrey Wright's, is excellent, and Miss Bettine Tomlin, we suspect, has a career in front of her. This show could be remodelled into the best entertainment in London. As it is, we left feeling we had only had half a show.

"The Ghost Goes West" at the Leicester Square

René Clair's first English picture is a neat piece of work, as satisfactory to watch as a well-played football match. One had not really dared to hope for so much: not because Clair's last film was a flop, but because, under the double disadvantage of working in England and with an eye on our own peculiar box-office, it seemed unlikely that M. Clair would be allowed to produce anything but a blend of the quaint and the commercial. His earlier films were perfect in every detail: either inventive and funny all through (*The Italian Straw-Hat*, *The Crazy Ray*), or sweet and funny by turns (*Le Million*, *Sous les Toits de Paris*, *À Nous la Liberté*). *The Ghost Goes West* is not quite in this class; but it is infinitely superior to *Le Dernier Milliardaire*, which contained only that one joyous sequence of exchange and barter; and rather more amusing than *Le Quatorze Juillet*, which was notable chiefly for that other riotous scene of the homicidal drunk in the night-club. Clair's genius for sharp and sudden comedy shows here in half a dozen touches: an exploding wine-glass, the kilted negro orchestra, the Ghost received with honour and confetti in New York, and that delightful triptych—the White House, an Atlantic void, and Westminster—swinging across the screen to the solemn accompaniment of patriotic oratory. . . . And how much funnier they are than anything else we have seen this year! Besides, the whole production is cheerful and charming: Clair's eighteenth-century Scotland is romantic and ludicrous; the story itself, the love-interest, the parody, all the lesser ingredients are kept efficiently simmering by a watchful cook who can handle a soufflé, a châteaubriand, or the plainest of baps with equal ease and assurance. How he has managed to make caustic and yet quite tactful fun of the Scotch, the Americans and, incidentally, the English, only M. Clair knows . . . but it would be interesting to discover which nation of humorists most enjoys the Frenchman's joke.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, December 28th—
Song and Lute Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Jean Sterling Mackinlay's Matinee, Rudolf Steiner Hall.
SUNDAY, December 29th—
Programme of Christmastide Music, arranged by Dr. Martin Shaw, Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 3.30.
MONDAY, December 30th—
Children's Own Variety Show, Ambassadors Theatre.
B.B.C. Promenade Concerts, conducted by Sir Henry Wood, Queen's Hall, 8. Till January 11th.
WEDNESDAY, January 1st—
Exhibition of Children's Drawings from the U.S.S.R., Institute of Education, Southampton Row, 3.30. Till January 10th, 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE frost came suddenly and in spite of treacherous roads has been a blessing, since it has served to break the tension that comes over the house while children are waiting for Christmas. From being lethargic and wistful brooders over stockings they have become excited by the weather. Ice before Christmas! Will it last? The roads were lightly sprinkled with snow which soon wore off, but it has been freezing ever since. They put new runners on the toboggan, though a toboggan is not much use in flat country. Then they got out the skates and took them to be ground. "There's skating at Cowbit Wash," said the ironmonger—but that is a long way out in the fens near Upwell, the tiny village where all the great fen skating champions have come from since the days of Turkey Smart. You will find all about that in a book called *Reminiscences of Fen and Mere* by, I think, Heathcote, who lived at Conington, near Whittlesey. He gives a wonderful picture of the days when the black lands which now grow the heaviest crops of sugar-beet and celery were a paradise of wildfowlers and fishermen and osier basket-makers. I have seen the skating championships held a number of times in the last ten years, and I think that there was always an Upwell man in the final. Three lengths of half a mile was the course with turns of 180 degrees round barrels at each end. The champions cover the distance at roughly the speed of race-horses, but the curious thing is that they make such deliberate, rhythmical movements that one doesn't realise their speed. They wear black woollen tights and jerseys and use the long straight Norwegian skates which are universally employed by the young fen racers, who sweep across the ice doubled up, in a swaying line, one behind the other. Slicing the ice with terrifying slashes of these Norwegian swordblades, they are gone before the half-hearted beginner or the elderly auctioneer in plus fours can look round. The movements of the champions are more leisurely; with slow regularity their spider-like arms and legs sketch gigantic gestures as they approach, looping across the ice between the lines of people watching. A hundred yards away one of them shortens speed, swinging round broadside on he skids to the barrel, planing up two spirting fountains of ice chips and leaning farther back than Massine when the tails of his coat used to sweep the floor in the Can-can of *La Boutique Fantasque*. Directly he has passed the barrel he shoots off in the opposite direction, but he has been overtaken by the older man, who has skidded less, and rounds the barrel in a wider circle of quick crossing-over sword-blades. The Upwell man seemed to be losing his place, but it is impossible to see who is leading as they recede into the distance . . .

* * *

The skates have been fetched and screwed on and there is a group of boys on the village pond; one pushing a chair, the others alternating between quick dashes ending in slides or tumbles, and a timid standing apart, hands in pockets and shoulders hunched like fluffed-up blackbirds to keep warm. But, though they totter and tremble, those on skates are aglow with the sense of a new power; they strike out, feel the bumps of rough ice gritting under their skates and then enjoy the freedom of sailing forward like young birds that have launched themselves for a first flight, feeling themselves falling and catching their balance on the glide. There is a fascination for them even in walking over the new material. At tea-time the postman says there is wonderful skating at St. Neots. But will the frost hold? Christmas is only tolerable if it is either very cold with skating or making snow-men in all the back-yards, or if it is spring-like with a chorus of blackbirds in the morning and the first primrose in an egg-cup on the breakfast table. This year, likely enough, it will be half and half; sleet and fog and mud. But two or three days on the ice seem certain, if only for the light-weights. I shall watch carefully this year—last time I did not notice that only the thinnest of the lads among the faster skaters were tearing round with the ice rising and falling in waves as they went past, and, forgetting my fourteen stone, rushed enthusiastically on to the ice from the midst of a huge crowd on the banks. Twenty yards from shore, I crashed through and then slowly crawled out on all fours, my heavy coat and fur gauntlets making me look very like a bear, while the water followed after me in a deep puddle. I stood up, crashed through again, and for a few minutes was giving a sort of Laurel or Hardy performance that reduced hundreds of watching people to hysterics. As I crawled ashore on all fours I stopped and twisted my head to look at my audience, rolling against each other in ecstasies of mirth. In spite of a bruised shin and my immersion in freezing water, it was impossible not to feel a sheepish self-satisfaction, since I had never been so popular before, nor have I since. There was a warm affection in those hundreds of laughing would-be skaters that was infectious and consoling. I had broken the ice.

* * *

The great event is to go out for the whole day into the fens where the ice stretches for miles. There are the hot roast chestnut men and men with chairs and sacking and skate keys to help the ladies and the well-to-do, and there are legions of little boys skating slowly in a dream. There are undergraduates from Cambridge playing ice-hockey, or cutting figures, providing a great contrast to the young farmers and labourers, slashing right and left in the true racing style, and there are the wonderfully high-coloured girls, with flying mufflers, looking like Christmas annuals and laughing with their young brothers. And as one hobbles hesitatingly across there are bound to be unexpected meetings with old acquaintances, for hundreds and hundreds of people have come, and the grind of the skates rises into a shrill continuous rattle. Parties collect near the pollard willows for luncheon, and in the afternoon venture farther afield, crossing hedges and climbing a railway embankment, awkwardly on skates. There is a lonely figure to be seen circling far off in wonderful backward sweeps like a hawk wheeling alone in the sky, but one never reaches him; one turns back from weariness, or because of the rough ice. The early darkness falls; motor headlights stripe the horizon and a great bonfire crackles on the edge of the ice-field. For hundreds of people, as for Wordsworth:

> It was a time of rapture: clear and loud
> The village clock toll'd six; I wheeled about
> Proud and exulting, like an untired horse,
> That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
> We hiss'd along the polish'd ice, in games
> Confederate . . .

If a hard frost comes when the fens are flooded one hears accounts of people who have gone on skating tours of four or five days, starting from Ely, working their way almost to Lynn and Peterborough, and coming back past Erith to St. Ives. Often, looking at the map, I have planned such an expedition and have remembered the exploit of my grandfather, David Black, who skated alone across the Baltic, leaving Finland in the morning, eating his luncheon out of sight of land, and coming, in the darkness, over the ice to the harbour lights of a port in Sweden and being greeted in a new language. On some far-off day, when I am no longer a heavy middle-aged man but mounted on long Norwegian skates, and can run proud and exulting like an untired horse, I shall make a tour like that all through the fens. Meanwhile I recommend the feat to other people before it thaws, and reflect that it is lucky that none of my family or friends are as cruel as Mr. Pickwick. I can plan and dream and screw on skates far better than Mr. Winkle. But when I have laced up my boots and hobble across to the ice everyone can say without contradiction: "You're an impostor, Sir. You're an impostor!" I am; and the terrible thing is that I shall never be anything else. I can just get about on skates if I am careful, but I lack the essential thing: the courage to come a cropper like Sir Samuel Hoare and break my nose.

DAVID GARNETT

THE WOODFORDE DIARIES

Passages from the Five Volumes of The Diary of a Country Parson. Selected and Edited by JOHN BERESFORD. *Oxford University Press.* 10s. 6d.

On one's definition of a bore must depend very largely one's appreciation of James Woodforde, that solid country clergyman who died at the beginning of the year 1803, having spent a long life busily and innocently occupied with the affairs of a remote Norfolk parish, untroubled by doubt, untormented by love, writing up in a small beautifully precise hand, without blots, erasures or other signs of perturbation, ennui or indecent haste, an exhaustive chronicle of his own doings from day to day. No adventures burst over his head. There are no indications, in the whole voluminous record he committed to paper, of any violent feelings, whether of joy or grief, no hint that Woodforde, who lived through the period that saw the inception of the Romantic Movement and the outbreak of the French Revolution, responded to the emotional backwash of these disturbances. He merely notes the uneasiness of the times, the growth of " levelling Principles " and the suppression of Revolutionary clubs, and, the following month, on Saturday, January 26th, 1793, after celebrating an excellent dinner, composed of " Souse, Veal Pye and Calf's Heart rosted," observes that according to the newspapers which have just arrived from Norwich " the poor King of France," executed " on Monday last by his cruel, bloodthirsty subjects," endured " his horrid fate with manly fortitude and resignation."

If by " bore " we intend an unimportant man, exclusively preoccupied with a round of tiny unimportant affairs, then Woodforde fits into the category. The term, however, has a wider meaning; and if, with the present writer, you believe that no man can be quite a bore so long as he is content to talk about himself—provided, that is to say, he discusses his real self and real interests, as distinct from a generalised or romanticised self, dressed up for public approbation—Woodforde deserves unanimous acquittal. Few men have gone through life with less parade; and, just as there are certain landscapes in which the element of monotony becomes charming, so there are certain lives in which the lack of all drama is arresting and, after a time, positively fascinating. Than the present admirable selection, compiled by Mr. John Beresford from the five well-stuffed volumes that the Reverend James Woodforde left behind, I can imagine no better book for those who seek tranquility in the midst of tumult, who are compelled to meditate eight hours every day, feet on desk, amid the noise of telephones, typewriters and typists, surrounded by that agitated substitute for efficiency so characteristic of the modern business world.

Woodforde was fully occupied but he was never hurried. Neither zealous nor idle, he went about his affairs in the spirit of a man who is as far from self-analysis as he is from self-criticism, enjoying large meals, noting his changes of spirit and mood, accepting his own nature as readily and easily as he accepted the universe. There were bad qualities, of course, to leaven his temperament; but as we review its outlines across a gulf of more than a hundred years, its chief drawback seems to have been a strain of touchiness—amounting, now and then, to downright pettishness—that involved him in many brushes with country neighbours. He was prone to imagine that thay lacked courtesy; and thus it was annoying one day, when he sat putting his boots on in the kitchen and was summoned into the yard with one boot on and the other off, to be treated by Betsy Davy and Mr. Walker with scant respect. " I asked them to unlight and have some refreshment but they neither would. They both looked very cool on me, particularly Betsy Davy who scarce deigned to cast a look on me. . . . They behaved with great reserve."

Such rubs were common in Woodforde's life. But the sting soon passed, either because Woodforde himself—not at all a rancorous man—forgot the offence, or because the contrite offender came to apologise. There were days, it is true, when even Nancy Woodforde, the devoted niece who lived with him under the same roof from 1779 onwards, caused him sorrow by what he imagined to be the incivility of her behaviour. . . . But, to balance his pettishness, his nature included reserve of genuine humanity that induced him, without the least parade of magnanimous or exalted feeling, to take the humane standpoint in most questions of daily life. When a grey owl appeared in the back-kitchen, Woodforde, after noting that " he came down the chimney," adds that " I gave him his Liberty again." During his academic career at New College, while he filled the invidious office of Proctor, it was his kindly interposition that saved " a common Strumpet " from being sent to Bridewell. Frequently, he had trouble with " the young gentlemen " who broke windows, rioted, got drunk and " cascaded in the middle of the theatre "; but Woodforde, though by no means an active person, usually managed to hush up these scandals without resorting to extreme disciplinary measures.

Not that he was anything of a sentimentalist. As rector of Weston Longueville, he saw much of poverty, disease and death; but, while he pauses to record with a perfunctory sigh the passing of some worthy parishioner who had expired after dreadful sufferings, there is no hint that the idea of death or the spectacle of mortality ever affected his peace of mind:

> After Service I buried a Daughter of Harrisons an Infant aged only five weeks—I think I never felt the cold more severe than when I was burying the above Infant. The Wind blew very Strong and Snow falling all the time and the Wind almost directly in my Face, that it almost stopped my breath in reading the funeral Service at the Grave, tho' I had an Umbrella held over my head during the Time.

Here a vignette from one of Crabbe's poems is executed by the unselfconscious hand of a parson who can still afford to take births, deaths and the condition of the poor in his easy ambling eighteenth-century stride. For the eighteenth century had solid satisfactions. Mortality may have been high; but the survivors had sound livers, admirable digestions and a capacity for good food, beside which the performances of the modern epicure suggest the meals of a modern beauty on a diet. Previous writers—somewhat, I understand, to the distress of Woodforde's living connections—have remarked the enormity of his appetite and the quiet gusto with which he describes those prodigious feasts, in which " some Fish and Oyster Sauce " might be followed by " a nice Piece of Boiled Beef, a fine Neck of Pork rosted and Apple Sauce, some hashed Turkey, Mutton Stakes, Sallad, etc., a wild Duck rosted, fryed Rabbits, a plumb Pudding and some Tartlets; " with, for " Desert, some Olives, Nutts, Almonds, and Raisins and Apples. The whole Company (concludes the diarist) were pleased with their Dinner &c. Considering we had not above 3 Hours notice of their coming we did very well in that short time."

But the Woodforde Diaries contain much more than the portrait of a sporting, gourmandising eighteenth-century parson, on good terms with the squire, whose children he buried and baptised,

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with the tithe-paying farmers whom he invited to a tremendous yearly "frolic," and with the peasantry who accompanied him in his fishing and coursing expeditions among the Norfolk fields and streams. At their best, Woodforde's jottings have the quality of a picture by Stubbs—the vision of a middle-class, well fed, well satisfied, living at a period when wealth was still synonymous with a measure of good taste, when architecture and furniture were as solid and sensible as the people themselves. To-day the cottage has its radio, the Hall is for sale. Is the sum of human happiness incomparably greater? PETER QUENNELL

SCOTT'S LETTERS

The Letters of Sir Walter Scott. Edited by H. J. C. GRIERSON assisted by DAVIDSON COOK, W. M. PARKER and others Vols. VII (1821–1823), VIII (1823–1825) and IX (1825–1826) *Constable* 18*s.* per volume.

In a rather plaintive prologue to volume VII, Professor Grierson recalls that, when he undertook to edit *all* the letters of Sir Walter Scott, he heeded not the warning of the wisest of old literary birds, George Saintsbury, that the task was an impossible one. He is now inclined to think that Saintsbury was right. His original estimate for the job was a matter of six volumes or so, but by the end of the sixth volume he had only got as far as the middle of the year 1821, and the worst was yet to be. Having made such heavy weather of it, he has had to shorten sail—that is to say, exercise a stricter discrimination as to what is really worth including. This wisdom is too belated to signify much. At the end of the eighth volume we have got no farther than the beginning of February, 1825. Scott has still eight years to live, eight tragic years only too heavy with occasions for correspondence, and these may not be scamped. It was only to be expected that the ninth volume with its tale of disaster should cover little more than one year instead of the usual two.

These editorial embarrassments, however, are instructive. In the period covered by the volumes VII and VIII Scott has just passed the meridian of his genius, but he is at the height of his social splendour, and his circle of correspondents, already enormous, is still growing. The amount of letter-writing he did would have been enough to keep any ordinary and reasonably diligent man fully occupied without the other tasks, literary, official and social, that Scott had to perform; and, though Scott was very far from an ordinary man, he was only human and there was a limit to what even his magic pen could do. In order to keep up his literary output he was obliged to continue the perilous practice of digging up the novels and half-novels of his nonage. In spite of the sharp warning he had been given by the failure of *The Monastery*, he did it again in 1823 with *St. Ronan's Well*, and again had a snub from the public—a snub that this time he really did not deserve, for *St. Ronan's Well* is by no means the worst of the Waverley series; but it was not the "romance" the public now expected. He accepted the adverse verdict with his usual good humour. "I never liked Saint Ronans," he writes to James Ballantyne (March, 1824). "This I think better of." And "this" was *Redgauntlet*, yet another dug-out! To be precise, it was the completion of a brilliant fragment dating probably some twenty years back. His belief in its quality proved to be well founded, but it was the last of his great novels, and it is the old part that entitles it to that rank.

Long before the crash came Constable had moments of uneasiness. In August, 1823, he is calling Scott's attention to a floating debt of £8,000 due to his firm, and requesting that arrangements should be made for its reduction. Scott replies in the most cordial fashion. There should not be the slightest difficulty, he says, and he enumerates his resources, which include a proposed new contract. In other words the dog Constable is to be fed with his own tail. It does not appear, however, that anything was done about the floating debt, though Scott got his new contract none the less. The explanation is that, while these discussions were proceeding, *Quentin Durward*, after a poor start, suddenly shot up into a success that spread the name of Walter Scott all over Europe. A man who could do a thing like that, just as his vogue seemed to be declining, was not a person an enterprising publisher should bother to account for a trifle of £8,000.

It was while things were in this cheering posture that young Walter, whose career as an officer and a gentleman had so far cost his father more money and anxiety than he had bargained for, showed his first gleam of common sense by paying his addresses to a young lady who was not only Scotch, but very rich—Miss Jobson of Lochore. In due course he married her, and there were great festivities at Abbotsford. But before that happy event Sir Walter had to go through a valley of humiliation. The young lady's mother—her father was dead—was a horrible woman, as void of understanding as she was full of pride of purse and pedigree; and, such was her infatuation, she hinted that the son of Sir Walter Scott, Bt., was not good enough, and even that the young man was a common fortune-hunter, egged on by a needy father. The insult cut Scott to the heart, but his reaction to it was curious, even, it must be confessed, "blush-making." Instead of telling Mrs. Jobson to go to Hell and find a better son-in-law there if she can, he writes to his old friend, Sir Adam Ferguson, who happens to be her brother-in-law, a long cringing letter, begging his intercession on behalf of young Walter, whose sterling qualities are represented in colours that would have surprised the lad, who had been otherwise accustomed. Further, Mrs. Jobson is to be disabused of the notion that the Scotts are paupers. Admittedly

> Miss Jobsons independent fortune is thus far [useful] that it enables my son to marry without imprudence the object of his choice and affords me the chance before I am very old to see my eldest boy settled in the world and to look forward with God's blessing to the continuance of my name and family. This great advantage I would endeavour to meet by every reciprocal compensation in my power and as my fortune is easy I trust I might without injustice to the rest of my family make very suitable settlements. You have the rent-roll of Abbotsford and may consult agriculturists about it if you will—it rates altogether at £1,680, which in the present day might sell for upwards of £50,000. I know it has cost me more than that same. My very successful literary undertakings engage me in cash transactions of considerable extent but from these I have made large sums of money and I have no doubt that I will add greatly to the value of the landed property which must support my name and the rank with which my Sovereign honoured me before I am called to part with it. I should also say that my younger children have a provision of about £5,000 under life rent of their maternal aunt and that I have insured my life for £10,000 and upwards in case of sudden death. I hope it may be considered that this state of my affairs enables me to do by my daughter-in-law what is just and proper. Besides this Walter has £5,000 alongst with the others and his commission which including £2,037 laying in Coutts for purchase of the first troop vacant may amount to as much as £10,000 in all independant of me entirely.

This is dated January 11th, 1825. A year later Scott had a sadly different story to tell. In the earlier part of 1825 he was, as he confesses to Daniel Terry, rather pinched for cash. Miss Jobson had proved a costly bride for Walter, but "I could not let my son marry her like a beggar," and her beastly mother's insinuations had rankled. In general, however, he was satisfied that his affairs were flourishing, and presently came Constable with his great *Miscellany* scheme which was to make all the previous profits of the Scott-Constable-Ballantyne combination look as tallow dips to wax-lights. Next there was the appointment, as unexpected as it was gratifying, of Lockhart to the editorship of the *Quarterly*. This last, it is true, caused some unpleasantness with Croker and his gang, who knew nothing good of Lockhart except that he was Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, and so nasty did they make themselves that Lockhart was almost for retiring. Scott would not hear of that, and ultimately, under the persuasions of the exceedingly tactful letters he wrote them, the malcontents withdrew their opposition. It was while Lockhart was making his arrangements for removal to London that he had from a London correspondent a rumour that things were not well with Constable, that in fact he had just quitted London in haste because his banker had summarily closed his account. And here we come to the most distinguished of Lockhart's many and impudent inventions. According to his story in the *Life*, on receipt of the letter he at once rode over from Chiefswood to Abbotsford and showed it to Scott, who pretended to pooh-pooh it, but was in fact so much perturbed that he later ordered his carriage and made an all-night trip from Abbotsford to Polton and back in order to get Constable's reassurances. All this is told with a wealth of circumstantial detail. But there is not a word of truth in it. Many years ago Thomas Constable in his biography of his father pointed out that Lockhart's story was irreconcilable with the letters that passed between Constable and his junior partner, and one or two later writers who have emphasised this fact have been rebuked for daring to know better than Lockhart. But a letter from Scott to Lockhart, now published for the first time, confirms the Constable-Cadell correspondence and the inferences that have been drawn from it, in every particular. Lockhart did not ride over to Abbotsford, for the good reason that Scott was not there, but on duty in the Court of Session. He sent Wright's letter to Scott in Edinburgh by post. Scott did not see Constable at Polton, but he called at the office one morning on his way to Court and saw Cadell, and Cadell it was who gave the reassurances.

It has by some been suggested that Lockhart's story is too circumstantial to be an invention, and that all that has happened is that two incidents have been confused in his recollection. But there is no trace of confusion in his account; and its very exactitude is the best evidence of its falsity. Moreover, he had in his possession the letter now published. There is no escape from the conclusion that Lockhart lied and knew he lied, just as he knew he lied when he forged the "Black Hussar" letter. What his motive was one can but speculate. Perhaps he had none except his love of untruth for its own sake. But it is significant that, if Lockhart invented the lie, it was Cadell—a double-faced rogue if ever there was one—who, as publisher of the *Life*, gave it to the world knowing it to be a lie. And Cadell had a motive, which was to represent Constable as a monster of craft and himself as a prodigy of innocence and virtue.

These letters add little or nothing to our knowledge of the circumstances of Scott's disaster, but it is interesting to compare them with the private reflections that he committed to the *Journal*. Scott had many failings, but as the Scotch saying goes, a poor mouth was never one of them. Nobody would ever guess from the letters that he was much disturbed by his misfortunes.

DONALD CARSWELL

MASTER MUSICIANS

Mozart. By ERIC BLOM. *Dent.* 4s. 6d.

Tchaikovsky. By EDWIN EVANS. *Dent.* 4s. 6d.

Of these two volumes just issued in "The Master Musicians" series, one, Mr. Blom's *Mozart*, is an entirely new work and the other, Mr. Edwin Evans's *Tchaikovsky*, is an older work, written thirty years ago, revised and brought up to date by the author whose first book it was. Both books, especially the *Tchaikovsky*, are well illustrated and are supplied with copious appendices full of useful information. It is a pity that Mr. Edwin Evans, who is one of the best-informed and cosmopolitan-minded of our contemporary music critics, should not have thought fit to deal more fully and less conventionally with the life and character of Tchaikovsky; as it is his book remains a more superficially informative than profound study of the great Russian master and his music.

Mr. Blom, on the other hand, has made a serious and creditable attempt to analyse and understand the extraordinarily complex mind and character of the man who has been described by one of the most profound of living musicians as "the most inaccessible of all the great composers." One of the most puzzling features of Mozart's character is that, alone among the few composers who have been conscious—as he was—of possessing (or of being possessed of) extraordinary genius, he never indulged in those bursts of anguished spleen, rage, vexation and vituperation of which Beethoven and Berlioz were the greatest virtuosos. And this is not because he was any the less aware of the terrible discrepancy between his real worth and the valuation put on him by the world around during his lifetime; nor was the discrepancy in his case less than in the others; on the contrary, it was far greater, for Mozart in his lifetime enjoyed less esteem and far less official or public recognition than either Berlioz or Beethoven—though it may be true that had he lived longer much more might have come to him. Also, his uncomplainingness cannot be ascribed to a happy-go-lucky indifference or to simplicity of mind. Even as a young man of twenty one or two of his letters are full of the most sharp and devastating criticism not only of music and musicians but of the characters of the people in the great world with whom he came everywhere in contact. Never was there a man less easy to delude or beguile than Mozart, and this astonishing insight into the minds and motives of others is revealed on every page of the complete correspondence edited by Ludwig Schiedermair and only published in 1914.

The fact is that Mozart—and in this he more closely resembles Shakespeare than any other creative artist one can think of—remains after all investigation a most enigmatic and perplexing figure, just as his music is "the most inaccessible of all." It is perhaps the very comprehensiveness of Mozart which causes the difficulty, and no doubt it was this same quality which inclined him to prefer the dramatic form to all others. One feels that never in his work does he speak for himself alone. This it is, perhaps, which leads Mr. Blom to declare that one is driven to the conclusion that Mozart did not love anybody or anything but his work, a conclusion which needs a lot of explanatory amplification, otherwise it may be very misleading. So far as it goes, Mr. Blom's study of Mozart's personality and account of his life is to be commended, but one must admit that a completely adequate study, making full use of the Schiedermair correspondence, still remains—in spite of Jahn-Abert and Mr. Blom—to be done.

The second half of Mr. Blom's book, which deals with the music in some detail, is more satisfying. It abounds in passages which show Mr. Blom's musical sensitiveness and insight, and altogether this must be considered as the best general book on Mozart available in English.

W. J. TURNER

SHENSTONE AND TRAHERNE

William Shenstone. By MARJORIE WILLIAMS. *Cornish Bros.* 6s.

Thomas Traherne. By Q. IREDALE. *Blackwell.* 5s.

Poetic reputations are notoriously fickle. In his critical preface of 1854 the Rev. George Gilfillan said of Shenstone, "the fact of his having written *The Schoolmistress* and the *Pastoral Ballad* alone entitles him to be ranked among the classical poets of our literature." Even after that, however, Gilfillan had his doubts; and to-day one may read a mountain of current criticism without finding an interested reference to the "elegant Mr. Shenstone."

The case of Traherne is very different. For 250 years he was buried in the decent obscurity of two theological works. At the beginning of this century the chance find of an old MS. established him as one of the greatest of English devotional writers. The contrast between the two men is remarkable. Shenstone did everything he could conceive to secure a fame beyond his lifetime. He worked with extreme care, cultivated his taste, paid court to the world of fashion, and established himself among the masters of that very eighteenth century art—landscape gardening. In his time he was a respected poet and a critic of note. He played a large part in the collection of Percy's *Reliques*. His variations

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on the couplet of Pope, his loosening of the strictest English form into more romantic gestures, infused with a posing melancholy, partly foreshadowed Gray and the development that led to Wordsworth. But the achievement is pitifully small. Shenstone was among those who felt able to look round at a perfectly stable world, made for their amusements. The genteel langour of the spectacle suffocated the talent in him. Miss Williams does nothing to persuade us otherwise, and the unpretentiousness and enthusiasm of her book give a certain charm to the chronicling of all the items in that little dying world of fastidious notepaper and comfortable despair.

Little is known of Traherne. He was ordained, became a chaplain and died before the age of forty, about twelve years younger than Shenstone and a century earlier. His work, like most first-rate minor achievements, is extremely limited; and he had no urge to display himself as a poet. Nevertheless his work has enduring qualities: his recurring song of childhood innocence anticipated much of Wordsworth and Blake. He wrote with a strictness and economy of feeling which harden each word until it sparkles. There is in Traherne a radiance, a rarity of atmosphere, which was lost in the later Romantics. His was an impersonal, abstract vision, largely dispensing with objective symbols and relying on metric subtlety for the effects of emotional intensity. Miss Iredale is most obtuse about this, and indeed her whole book is a disappointment. She plays earnestly the academic game of burrowing out all that someone else said before Traherne repeated it, strings up his writings in the usual précis of the author's views and feelings, and then flounders in the critical foolishness of—

> When he approached verse, the effort necessary to produce any pattern seemed to deprive him of further care in the choice of words. . . . With more patience he might have repaired or avoided many faults in versification.

This is silly enough to be passed over. It is the equivalent of saying that with greater care and more frequent reference to the dictionary Blake might have spelt "Tiger" correctly. Traherne's "impatience" is the source of his closely woven rhythms, the characteristic of his eager dancing line and the cascade of quick and dazzling brilliance that follows "Curtain" in

> "Where have ye been? Behind
> What Curtain were ye from me hid so long!
> Where was? in what Abyss, my speaking Tongue?"

The quick change of tempo—like a startling turn on the heel—the tonal sequence of vowel and consonant, the infinitely fine tense phrasing, the alert stop and the darting following movement—these are the exciting qualities in Traherne. And it is just here that Miss Iredale's book is most inadequate.

A. DESMOND HAWKINS

ALL ROUND THE MAP

Sledge. By MARTIN LINDSAY. *Cassell.* 21*s.*
China Changes. By G. J. YORKE. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Far East. By MADELEINE C. MUNDAY. *Stanley Paul.* 16*s.*
Turkistan Reunion. By ELEANOR HOLGATE LATTIMORE. *Hurst and Blackett.* 16*s.*
Südsee. By HUGO ADOLF BERNATZIK. *Constable.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Balkan Holiday. By DAVID FOOTMAN. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Hasta la Vista. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. *Faber.* 6*s.*

It is no use losing your heart to Greenland, for you can't go. No tourists allowed. Wisdom therefore suggests that one should avoid books on that fascinating place—"four times the size of France, with rather fewer inhabitants than Maidenhead": on the other hand, *Sledge,* the story of the British trans-Greenland expedition of 1934, told by its leader, Mr. Martin Lindsay, is very much the most thrilling of these seven travel books. It ought not to be, for the three explorers merely went stodging on (like the schoolgirl through *Antony and Cleopatra*), in a monotonous landscape of slush, snow and ice, and in a state of mind and body that would have prevented them from taking much notice of the Garden of Eden. Mr. Lindsay sums up the pleasures of the journey by remarking that at moments "it is almost possible to persuade yourself that you like sledging. Indeed, you can get a certain measure of enjoyment out of the multifarious tribulations of polar travel, if you can acquire the right philosophy—that of the man who continually hit his head with a hammer because, he said, it was so nice when he stopped." However, the record of this grind is enthralling, partly because Mr. Lindsay has a real "turn" for vivid narrative, partly because he had the excellent idea of writing *everything*. How many stories, tedious when summarised or "edited," become enthralling when they are told in full! *Sledge* keeps up the interest somehow even if, or when, (as was too often my case) you don't quite know what is going on. And the photographs are most impressive.

China Changes is not a vast book, but it contains a vast deal of serious information. Mr. Yorke has lived only two years in China, which he regards as next to nothing, but he has worked hard—studying life and thought, war, politics and economics. Lacking the rudiments, I found some of it (to be honest) rather dull, and Mr. Yorke evidently feared it would be thought dull, for he adopts a truculent attitude to his readers, in anticipation, and is fond of advising them to skip. I did occasionally. But he is intelligent and seems fair-minded; he should obviously be "chewed and digested" rather than just "swallowed" in one hasty reading.

Far East is at the opposite pole, and will no doubt sell better. It is a long book by an Englishwoman who has taught for nine years in Shanghai. *Her* China, plainly enough, is the social life of the foreign colony, but she has seized her chance, and writes about coolies, rickshaws, "quaint, lovely Japan," etc., in a fluent style reminiscent of *Home Chat*. There is no want of facts, and many should like her.

Turkistan Reunion is real travel again. In the beginning of 1927 the author crossed Siberia alone, to meet her husband at the Turkistan frontier, and they went on together through Chinese Turkistan. The publishers emphasise the "amazingness" of this journey, but I liked the book even better for its charm and humour, its revelation of a winning—and admirable—personality.

Südsee reflects the lighter side of an ethnological trip to New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. There is a suggestion of "tourisme" in being rushed so from place to place; however, *Südsee* is very good reading, and quite reasonably informative, and contains (its chief attraction) a great number of excellent, and some beautiful photographs.

Europe again. I must also, with deplorable monotony, praise *Balkan Holiday*. Mr. Footman was already thoroughly at home in the Balkans, and therefore in a position to get the most out of his four weeks' tour. We are given as much social, economic and political information as he thinks will agree with us—just enough, in fact, to assimilate quite painlessly; but the high lights of this book are the social contacts. Mr. Footman's foreigners are remarkably good, and their conversation is usually extremely funny. In particular, I don't think I have ever seen the foreigner who knows a little English, and a little about England, done such justice to.

South America. *Hasta La Vista* may be called a borderline case. The sub-title, "A Postcard from Peru," strikes one as having been chosen on Boswell's principle of lying quietly down before you can be knocked down—but at any rate it is appropriate. For this very little travel book (about a thirty-nine day trip to South America) reads like a parody in miniature of Mr. Aldous Huxley's highly successful methods; again and again the thinness and the clock-work digressions (reinforced here by facetiousness) seemed to me *too* much, and then once more something really graceful or amusing would carry it off. At any rate it is good train fare.

K. JOHN

L'HOMME DE CE QUI ÉTAIT

Metternich. By H. DU COUDRAY. *Cape.* 15*s.*

If Metternich had not been born on the steps of an embassy he might have become another Schönlein or Hegetschweiler; for he enjoyed physiology and botany and protested that he entered the diplomatic service chiefly to please his family and the Emperor. But to displease them was quite outside his nature: propriety was the basis of his conservatism and hatred of its opposite the strongest emotional force behind his policy. "Je suis convaincu que, même dans la position plus humble, et à quelque époque que ce fût, je n'aurais jamais été accessible aux séductions auxquelles je voyais succomber tant de mes contemporains." The radical reformer was a kind of enthusiast, and all enthusiasm was immediately loathsome to Metternich. The ill-governed appearances of it in Alexander caused him as much distaste as trouble: "Since 1815," he wrote, "the Emperor Alexander has abandoned Jacobinism to plunge into mysticism." Secret brotherhoods and Bible Societies were disgusting first and only secondarily dangerous. In the chaos after the first Revolution even Napoleon was an element of stability; and Metternich watched with pleasure the routine of his Court, the growth and manners of his new aristocracy. Napoleon personally he admired and liked, and would have kept him in a reconstructed Europe if he could; but Alexander and Napoleon himself made that impossible. The ragged and incompetent Governments which succeeded him in France left always one uncertain weight—and England was another—in the precarious equilibrium.

The greatest praise Metternich can ever win is that the equilibrium was meant to preserve peace: that is the theme of Miss du Coudray's book, and she attributes to him a consistent and idealistic intention to think in terms of Europe as a whole. But would he ever have done so if he had not been the minister of Austria? A balance implies a pivot, and in Metternich's scheme the pivot was Vienna. He used the Confederation to strengthen Austrian influence in Germany, to stifle the smaller kingdoms; so that unwittingly he prepared the way for Bismarck and Sadowa. He used the Concert to justify Austrian intervention in Naples and to keep Russia out of the Danubian Provinces. The peace he wanted was an Austrian peace.

The conference system was a device to get over the difficulties of communication, but could only work if all the powers sent plenipotentiaries; yet none but the absolutist Governments could risk the operations of a plenipotentiary at a distance. Even in the early days Castlereagh's continual letters home were exasperating, and at Troppau neither England nor France was fully represented. The system was really only an illusion after the original Quadruple Alliance had done its work; and Metternich's persistence in it—admittedly consistent, but doubtfully idealistic—made it certain he would be looked on as the agent of that other alliance, *monument vide et sonore*.

Another difficulty in Miss du Coudray's view is that Metternich had no clear theory of what "Europe" meant. Did it mean four or five Great Powers with attendant "spheres of influence" which it was the business of conferences to determine, or did it include *les sous-alliés* with equal rights as sovereign Powers? He never knew; and he never came, like Talleyrand, to a Congress with a brand new "Principle of Legitimacy" under his hat. He recognised revolutionary Governments when he couldn't help it or when it seemed safe. In Germany he played always for immediate safety, but let the *Zollverein* grow in other hands.

Timidity is the most serious personal charge his contemporaries and historians have brought against him, and Miss du Coudray meets it: "Intrepidity of thought," she says, "rarely makes a statesman; rather is it the capacity to shape the material at hand that is a test of his worth. It is in this that Metternich's genius lay. He could use so well what there was to use. It is because he never invented anything that he achieved so much." Yet Bismarck and Cavour seized with intrepidity on the Europe Metternich left them; and at home, at the very centre of his Europe, he was afraid of Kolowrat and let his own memorandum on the internal affairs of Austria lie for years in the Emperor's desk. The police could not do everything.

This book is gallant and interesting. It has several excellent chapters, but fails from having a main thesis which is thoroughly unconvincing: I don't think it even convinced the author. At times—particularly in the first part—the complex material gets out of hand, and the style is clogged with inversions and unexpected parentheses, which make diplomatic history even harder to follow than it is. I think the book should have been a good deal shorter and have taken several years longer to write. I say this cautiously in an age of reckless praise. HUMPHRY HOUSE

WORD MANIA

Something About Words. By ERNEST WEEKLEY. *John Murray.* 5s.

Words, like mathematics, can be one of the most indestructible consolations in a world where loss, disillusionment and remorse are man's major portion. Prying about among the roots of culture and philosophy, the word-lover lets wars pass over his head, and is interested in them only when they affect the parts of speech. Professor Weekley is one of the most confirmed word-addicts since the days of the incurable Archbishop Trench, and that must be the reason for his unfailing good humour, and the kind, ironic detachment that determines the stance of all his work. His new book is no exception. Here is a collection of

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essays in popular philology ranging "from the learned but fantastic theories of the great Renaissance scholars down to the almost contemporary gibberings of the amateur philologist with a bee in his bonnet." These latter folk are a continual butt for Professor Weekley's humour, for fundamentally he is an old-fashioned and Spartan academic who distrusts short cuts to knowledge and our modern habit of "outlining" intellectual activities without filling in the area. His belief in matters of education leads him to "hold that no boy ever came to a bad end who had thoroughly mastered the Latin primer. In fact, I sometimes wonder whether the whole elaborate and costly machinery of modern education produces a more clear-thinking and hard-working type than did those bygone centuries when the simple apparatus of instruction was represented by those two comparatively inexpensive instruments—a Latin grammar and a birch-rod."

Those people who have no Latin and therefore are handicapped by a sense of inferiority, will agree with him. Those who have had a good classical education and are still no nearer word-mastery, will think he is merely being funny.

This kind of fun abounds in his work, and it is often concentrated into a parenthetical phrase which may be missed by a solemn reader. A less solemn reader will find the comedy increased by this device. Here is an example:

> I have read recently that the cultural superiority which the Germans enjoy over us, as shown, for instance, by their taste in reading (one gathers that German professors do not read detective novels), is partly due to a clarity of thought which results from unity of language, e.g., that the mental transition from the verb *sterben*, to die, to the adjective *unsterblich*, immortal, is less productive of confusion than the English correlation of two quite unrelated words.

Elsewhere Professor Weekley has confessed that he reads several detective novels every evening, and is also a Wodehouse fan. Indeed, he uses Mr. Wodehouse professionally, showing him along with Shakespeare and Walter Scott (one has now to put a Christian name to this forgotten author) as one of the great coiners of new words and phrases. He gives an example where Mr. Wooster delivers himself of the opinion, "There, Jeeves, you spoke an imperial quart."

To fiddle about, like a woman at Woolworth's, amongst Professor Weekley's discussions on words, proverbs, slang, place names, etymology and so forth, would be merely gossiping. To read about these radical matters as the author discusses them is an absorbing delight; to have them picked over by a reviewer is only irritating. Better step up to the counter and pick for yourself.

RICHARD CHURCH

THE MOVIE FINGER WRITES

A Grammar of the Film. By RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE. *Faber and Faber.* 10s. 6d.

Film Acting. By V. I. PUDOVKIN. *Newnes.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Spottiswoode, a member of John Grierson's G.P.O. Unit, has made an acute and exhaustive analysis of film method, adding several new definitions and dogmas to our untidy stock of motion-picture knowledge. A precise, Aristotelian figure, he cuts his dialectical way through the maze of techniques and theories which Hollywood and the highbrows have erected round the half-fledged, overgrown art of the cinema. His tabulated conclusions and the meticulous solemnity of his style are so fascinating that one willingly rereads whole pages of his book in order to detect their meaning. If this is done, much may be learned from Mr. Spottiswoode's *Grammar*: his conjectures for the future are as interesting as his assessment of the past; and even his platitudes unfold exquisitely, like flowers in slow-motion, to be examined, petal by petal, in the light—when science fails— of "philosophy, psychology, and even common sense." Personality, for instance, is an essential asset of the stage which the screen lacks, because this difference is "not yet understood and therefore irremediable." And that perhaps is why Mr. St. John Ervine considers the moving-picture "mechanically superb and intellectually contemptible."

Mr. Spottiswoode remarks: "At the present time there is no film which has had the approval and enjoyment of sufficient persons of trained sensibility and intelligence to deserve the name of classic." Yet the cinema could now, or might one day, do marvels. Already Pudovkin acclaims it as "the new art-form which has succeeded and will supersede all the older arts, for it is the supreme medium in which we can express to-day and to-morrow." And Eisenstein blandly asserts that it has killed painting.

The clue to this riddle is *montage*. Mystic, maltreated word! *Montage* is the "significant form" of films, or, to consult the more explicit Mr. Spottiswoode, it is: "in its effectual aspect, the production of a concept or sensation through the mutual impact of other concepts or sensations; and in its structural aspect, the juxtaposition of shots, series and sequences in such a way as to produce this impact." Moreover, it may be primary, simultaneous, rhythmical, secondary, implicational or ideological. Yet directors often ignore montage altogether, assuming it to be a mere matter of falling off one shot or sequence into the next! Not so Mr. Spottiswoode, who cannot have too much of this life-blood of the film: the camera (moving far less than it does) should lie in wait for it; the screen must pulse with it. . . . Naturally, therefore, he pins his faith to documentary, which will in time combine the "refractory statistics" of the realist with the "illusory dreams" of the romantic.

Whereas Mr. Spottiswoode's book is beautifully produced and lamentably illustrated, Pudovkin's *Film Acting* contains admirable photographs to offset the ugliness of Mr. Ivor Montagu's translation. Stage and screen techniques are clearly differentiated in this succinct, informative work, which dwells chiefly on the naturalism required of an actor facing the truthful, selective eye of the camera and an audience invisible but limitless. *Montage* is described as "the editing together of numerous relatively short pieces"—the longest being too short for any stage—and as a "method characteristic of film art" in which the actor himself should have a share. The director's film would, in Pudovkin's opinion, be improved by such collaboration.

JOHN MARKS

A BLOT UPON FRANCE

Hell Beyond the Seas. Retold by A. KRARUP-NIELSEN. *John Lane.* 15s.

The manufacture and sale of opium, the traffic in slaves, and similar evils have received the attention of the League of Nations. But how is it that there has not been yet a Commission to inquire into and report upon the so-called Penal Settlements maintained by the Great Powers? Such an investigation will reveal blood-curdling practices worthier of some mediaeval time than of our century. Should such a Commission be ever appointed it should investigate at the same time the use of the "Third Degree" not only as it exists at Devils' Island, but also in the case of the so-called "Terrorists" of India, not to mention of course that other Republic, notorious for its "Third Degree" methods, which though they have already been reviewed should have more international publicity.

One might have thought that *Les Misérables* had effected some reforms in the French prison system, but if one is to believe the narrator of *Hell Beyond the Seas*, the crudity and cruelty of that system still prevails. The narrator, a Danish engineer, who refers to himself as Convict No. 44,792, served seven years for the offence of having attempted to escape from the Foreign Legion shortly after he had enrolled. Five of these years were in Guiana, one year in the gold-fields of Iwini, and he also experienced short terms on Devils' Island, St. Josephs, and Ile Royale. In the gold-fields the prisoners are "chained to their place of work by ankle-chains welded round their ankles." The anklet is fixed while the iron is still red-hot and in the case of this prisoner, because he had offended the guard they did not use "the regulation band of asbestos" between the hot-iron and the flesh. Convict No. 44,792 could not help recalling during this torture the irony of that poster in the recruiting office in the little town of Andelfingen with its caption, "So dick wird man in der Fremden Legion?." (That is how fat you grow in the Foreign Legion). He escaped finally in dramatic circumstances commandeering an airplane that was waiting its load of gold and remained at large for nine months in Guiana when he was formally released. After a spell in a hospital in Barbadoes he returned to Denmark.

Hell Beyond the Seas is a straightforward narrative with few pauses for self-analysis or self-pity, and for that reason all the more vivid.

SHORTER NOTICES

Guide to the Unemployment Insurance Acts. By H. C. EMMERSON and E. C. P. LASCELLES. (Revised edition.) *Longmans.* 4s. 6d., paper; 6s., cloth.

This book, which the authors have now brought up to date, will be invaluable to administrators, students and all who want a handy reference-book on unemployment insurance and unemployment assistance. It does not discuss the policy or the merits of the system, but sets out concisely, and as fully as is necessary for all ordinary purposes, the law and the practice. The arrangement is clear and there is a good index.

Music, The Child and The Masterpiece. By PERCY A. SCHOLES. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

Dr. Scholes justly claims that his book is the first attempt to give a full account of the history, aims and philosophy of the Appreciation movement. He would have done well to remember that there is considerable difference between fullness of treatment and prolixity. The book would have been improved by condensation to half its present size. Six vigorous paragraphs would have served to tell us what Dr. Scholes thinks of Mr. W. J. Turner and the rest of his opponents and their diverse errors, for instance. It is not until Part III that he makes a positive contribution. The True Philosophy of Appreciation is that which guides the teacher to remove obstacles; obstacles of musical texture, form, colour and style. This is a convenient classification and really does help the teacher. However, most of this section is merely polemical or in the way of additional proof. Part IV upon Details of Principle and Procedure, and Part V upon Experiments and Experiences in various types of school are much more interesting. Here Dr. Scholes offers very real guidance. Nevertheless, prolixity again spoils his work. A modern teacher does not need advice about the very elements of pedagogy.

The Encyclopaedia of Aviation. Edited by SQUADRON-LEADER C. G. BURGE. *Pitman.* 15s.

This is an excellent compilation in which material from many existing sources has been drawn on. The result is naturally sometimes unequal. For example, in the delightfully clear article on *Mechanics of Flight* we find an account of moving wing aircraft, i.e., of the autogyro, which could hardly be bettered, whilst the short article under the heading Autogyro is extremely misleading and out of date. But Squadron-Leader Burge has done a difficult job well; by gathering together the extracts from an enormous number of specialist articles, frequently of an ephemeral nature, he has produced the best all-round book on aviation. It is serious work of reference, not a sensational piece of book-making.

Week-end Competitions

No. 302

Set by Allan M. Laing

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best New Year resolutions (not mere messages) appropriate to each of the following: The Man in the Street; a Member of the Reading Public; a Bright Young Thing; Pro Bono Publico; a Diehard; a Centenarian; and a "Chronic" N.S. Competitor. A deadly seriousness is not insisted upon.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 3rd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 300

Set by Hubert D. Waley

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a short poem on the pleasures of Parsimony.

Report by Hubert D. Waley

The entries for this competition were neither very numerous nor very good. It may sound an unkind thing to say, but I doubted the sincerity of some of the entrants. I noticed that they had all gone as far as to stamp their envelopes (for which I deducted one mark) and many wrote on stationery of fairly good quality (two marks off). Nor was the level of ingenuity displayed very high. I fear that a school for misers which took this collection of poems as a text-book would teach them but little new. Perhaps, however, there was a certain neatness in the sentiment—

I love to burn up in my grate
An hospital appeal,
I save my coal, yet double warmth,
An inward glow I feel.

In the circumstances I felt tempted to adopt the suggestion, made in one of the entries, that the prize should be—"A Woolworth bouquet of the smallest size." However, a more seasonable spirit carrying me away, I award the First Prize to William Bliss and the Second to R. D. Cribb for the poems printed hereunder:—

FIRST PRIZE

THE PLEASURES OF PARSIMONY

(*Example is better than Precept.*)

The quality of saving is not strained;
A penny saved is not a penny gained,
It is far more !—it is thrice, four-times, blest
And hath more charms to soothe the wise man's breast
Than all the music of the spheres ! . . . Ye fools,
Who still must eat your cake before it cools,
And ne'er will learn, because ye have no sense,
The proper study of Mankind is—*Pence*,
How should ye know, who only spending know,
The higher bliss, to see your savings grow,
To let no day go by that doth not see
Riches created by Parsimony—
To watch the bronze turn silver; silver, gold—
So, heart keeps warm, though hand and foot go cold ! . . .
Sic nos, non vobis—thus dead poet's breath
Shall cool *my* porridge !—Go ye to your death,
Squander your substance, Spendthrifts ! Give, give, give !—
So, the wise daughters of the house-leech live.
Gorge full your Christmas at the groaning board,
And with your leavings I will glut my hoard
Twelve baskets-full.
Behold ! the twentieth line,
And, if you'll notice, *scarcely one is mine !*

SECOND PRIZE

BALLADE OF PARSIMONY

I like to pass an idle summer's day
At other people's places in the sun;
Or hit a tennis ball or so; or slay
A bird or two with someone else's gun;
But where's the earthly pleasure can be won
Or what the unimaginable scene
That's worth my spending money? There is none.
I sing the joys of being very mean.

Some take their dinner in a hoggish way,
With quarts of drink and victuals by the ton:
Others like milk and biscuits on a tray,
With several bits of spinach, underdone;
But I'll eat caviar or a Chelsea bun,
With anything you'll pay for in between;
I *love* to go and dine with anyone:
I sing the joys of being very mean.

Let other human pleasures have their say:
Affect the Arts, or argue like a Hun;
Take opium, or tumble in the hay,
Or frolic in the snow with Messrs. Lunn:
But while my life's decreasing sands still run
I've one unfailing cure for the spleen:
If I wrote verses like the poet Donne,
I'd sing the joys of being very mean.

Envoi.

Prince, though you have your own ideas of fun,
You'll find they leave your purse and person lean.
Have you a cigarette? I haven't one,
I sing the joys of being very mean.
R. D. C.

LAST WEEK'S COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE: ANSWERS.

1. Perigueux, Glasgow, Prague, Brussels.
2. Botany, architecture, philogy, painting, chemistry, navigation, heraldry, jurisprudence, economics, philosophy.
3. Tamburlaine, Socrates, Hereward the Wake, Uther Pendragon, Drake, Sheridan, Shelley.
4. Siam, India, Ancient Rome, Lithuania, Holland, Papal States.
5. Queen Elizabeth, the Cid Rodrigue Diaz de Bivar, Ludovic Lesly, uncle of Quentin Durward, Lord Godolphin after character in Ben Jonson's play, St. Bonaventura, Lord Brougham, John Churchill.
6. Clan Campbell, ancient Athenian Assembly on Acropolis, Don Quixote's horse, Palace and monastery near Madrid, Roland's sword.
7. The Dorset Regiment, Homer, Brutus's Potria, Henry VI and King's College Chapel, Judas Maccabaeus, Prince Regent.
8. Hebrew household god images, metrical foot long short short long, gypsum prepared for painting, books printed before 1500, persons "superior" to party politics.
9. St. Ronans Well, David Copperfield, Three Musketeers, Westward Ho!, Travels with a Donkey, Rousseau's Confessions, The Recruiting Sergeant; Scott, Dickens, Dumas, Charles Kingsley, Stevenson, Rousseau, Farquhar.
10. D'Urfey, Kinglake, Lyly, Aristophanes, Camoens, Dr. Johnson, Voltaire, Galsworthy, Apuleius, Robert Browning.
11. Marathon, Death of Alexander the Gt., Hegira, Fall of Constantinople, Lepanto, Beginning of French Revolution.

J. H. G. GIBBS

SECOND PRIZE: ANSWERS

1. God of the Carthaginians, Roman Emperor, nephew of Constantine, Knight and Hero of Samuel Butler's poem (1660), see *Chansons de Geste*, Song of Roland, Charlemagne, etc., Butler in Pickwick Papers, see Odyssey, see Crusades, see Julius Caesar, Scottish Scholar and Disputant (1580), see P. G. Wodehouse, Robespierre (Carlyle), Alex. Dumas père (Stevenson), see First Crusade, Scottish Mediaeval scholar, Heroine of George Sand novel, Prizefighter J. C. Weenan, D'Artagnan's servant, see Rabelais, Hero of novel by Smollett, see Esmond (Thackeray), Massacre of the French in Sicily (XIII Cent.), Early (XII and XIII Century) attempt by Church and Popes to limit war (a sort of precursor of the League of Nations), Loading line of Ships, Line (imaginary) dividing island of the Malay Archipelago as Asian or Australasian (Alfred Russell Wallace), the imaginary city of Aristophanes' "Birds" (*not* "Clouds"), Henry VIII (1513), see Rabelais, means a full octave, see Henry IV, pt. 2, Act II, sc. 4, one of Louis XI's creatures, "the Barber," Puritan sect in the Cevennes, Early XIX Century, English radical revolutionaries, see Richelieu and Louis XIII, Burgundy, Sussex Cheese.

2. Ovid, Richard Jefferies, Canning and others, the brothers Smith, G. Glover, Drayton, Ben Jonson (also R. L. S.), Bloomfield, Horace Walpole, Maria Edgworth, T. L. Peacock, Keats, Mallock, Milton, Francis Thompson, Swift, Thackeray, Aytoun and Theo. Martin, John Fletcher, Phineas Fletcher, Anatole France, Dryden, Defoe, Shelley, Crashaw.

WILLIAM BLISS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 157.—COMESTIBLES

Messrs. Beer, Brandy, Fruit, Goose, Tobacco, Turkey and Whiskey each sent each of the others a Christmas present. Every present sent was the namesake of one or other of these gentlemen. No sender sent the same present to two recipients; no sender sent a present which was his own namesake; none received a present which was his own namesake. And no one received the same present from two senders.

Mr. Whiskey received a turkey from Mr. Brandy, a goose from Mr. Tobacco, tobacco from Mr. Beer. Mr. Brandy received tobacco from Mr. Goose. Mr. Turkey sent a goose to Mr. Beer, and brandy to Mr. Goose; Mr. Beer's present from Mr. Fruit was brandy. Mr. Brandy sent tobacco to Mr. Goose. As for Mr. Fruit, he received a turkey from Mr. Whiskey and beer from Mr. Tobacco. Mr. Whiskey gave the same present to Mr. Brandy as Mr. Beer gave to Mr. Goose.

What did Mr. Turkey receive from Mr. Beer?

PROBLEM 155.—THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

(*Mr. A. G. Stripp's solution*)

The total amount which the Rector drew from the Bank was £11 10*s.* If therefore $xy = 230$, where x is the number of people who share in the distribution, and y, measured in shillings, is the total amount each receives, the sum of y/- must be capable of just x partitions under the terms of the Bequest.

Experiment soon shows that the conditions of the Bequest are satisfied only by giving 10*s.* to each of 23 people. The restriction that not more than four coins of the same sort are to be included in the same distribution ensures that any submultiple of 230*s.* other than 10*s.* is incapable of a sufficient number of partitions; but 10*s.* is capable of just 23 partitions, and the numbers of the respective coins required for these are exactly those which the Rector asked for at the Bank.

Six of these partitions include at least one coin of each sort:

	Half-crowns.	Florins.	Shillings.	Sixpences.	Total.
A ..	2	1	2	2	7
B ..	2	1	1	4	8
C ..	1	3	1	1	6
D ..	1	2	3	1	7
E ..	1	2	2	3	8
F ..	1	1	4	3	9

Thus the four distributions mentioned by the Rector must be:

C .. .. .. 6 coins
A or D .. .. 7 coins
B or E .. .. 8 coins
F .. .. .. 9 coins

We must therefore consider the four possibilities:

C	1	3	1	1	C	1	3	1	1	C	1	3	1	1	C	1	3	1	1
A	2	1	2	2	A	2	1	2	2	D	1	2	3	1	D	1	2	3	1
B	2	1	1	4	E	1	2	2	3	B	2	1	1	4	E	1	2	2	3
F	1	1	4	3	F	1	1	4	3	F	1	1	4	3	F	1	1	4	3
Totals	6	6	8	10		5	7	9	9		5	7	9	9		4	8	10	8

from which it is clear that a selection of

5 *half-crowns*, 7 *florins*, 9 *shillings, and* 9 *sixpences*

will provide two identical and two different distributions, no two having the same total number of coins, but all having at least one coin of each sort, in the successive years.

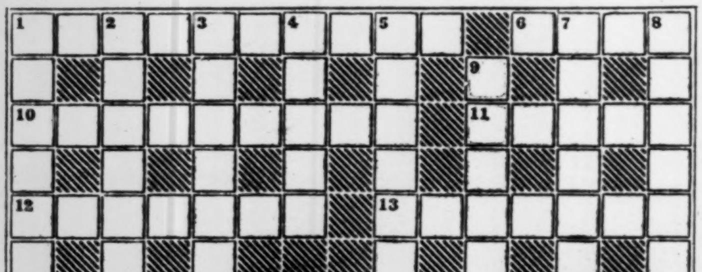
PROBLEM 154.—THE DAREDEVILS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. Llewellyn Lewis, College of the Resurrection, Mirfield, Yorks.

Nine points are awarded.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 303

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Tuesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
A. L. Bacharach, 26, Willow Road, N.W.3.

ACROSS

1. One would usually do this by putting one's foot down.
6. Is plurally a low-down Court.
10. Sleep, dear, like a little gem.
11. The cat got mixed up with it.
12. Proposals that involve a change of posture.
13. Considerations of horsepower would leave such vehicles unmoved.
14. Spelt this way they would not make a meal for you but of you.
15. Suitable name for the home-made aeroplane.
18. The place for a fight.
20. An inflated company in Egypt.
23. A nautical tripper.
24. Result of going back patiently.
25. Exceedingly at sea?
26. These are apt to be piled up offensively.
27. Means to see.
28. An "unkindly" collection so to speak.

DOWN

1. How to collect the parts of 15.
2. The first week's work.
3. They go down on other people's knees.
4. In such ways raids are made.
5. Produced early photographs.
7. Answer back for an experiment.
8. What Zola does.
9. In wearing apparel needing sartorial attention this pedestrian made a rapid circular tour of uneven strata.
15. Tired things made to go on 4.
16. Word coined by the tanner?
17. The record house.
19. There were of course no presents at Christmas for such persons.
20. Used for peaceful piping.
21. What fiddlers do when they bow?
22. A clergyman has the dog fed.
24. Mussolini's capital has no support.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

G	I	F	T	E	D	■	T	H	R	U	S	T	E	R
O	■	A	■	X	■	S	■	A	■	N	■	H	■	E
O	N	T	R	U	S	T	■	S	I	D	E	R	A	L
D	■	H	■	L	■	O	■	T	■	E	■	E	■	I
W	H	E	A	T	■	C	H	E	E	R	L	E	S	S
I	■	R	■	■	■	K	■	■	■	T	■	T	■	H
L	O	C	K	S	M	I	T	H	■	A	C	I	D	■
L	■	H	■	P	■	N	■	E	■	K	■	M	■	A
■	A	R	E	A	■	G	R	A	C	E	L	E	S	S
S	■	I	■	R	■	■	■	V	■	■	■	S	■	P
P	O	S	T	E	A	R	L	Y	■	A	I	T	C	H
A	■	T	■	R	■	U	■	S	■	R	■	H	■	O
T	A	M	B	O	U	R	■	E	N	D	U	R	E	D
H	■	A	■	O	■	A	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	E
E	N	S	E	M	B	L	E	■	U	N	W	E	L	L

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ADELPHI.	**Fritzi.**	Dec. 27 & W.
ALDWYCH.	**The Dominant Sex.**	Wed., Sat.
ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq.	**Tulip Time.** Mats. Daily until Jan. 4.	
APOLLO.	**Espionage.**	Wed. & Sat
COLISEUM.	**"Twenty to One."**	Daily.
DALY'S.	**"Tread Softly."**	Wed. & Sat.
DUCHESS.	**Night Must Fall.**	Wed. & Sat.
DRURY LANE.	**Jack and the Beanstalk.**	2.0
GLOBE.	**"Call It a Day."**	Thurs. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	**Please Teacher !**	Th., F., S.
LYRIC.	**Tovarich.**	Wed. & Th.
MERCURY.	**Murder in the Cathedral.**	Daily.
PHOENIX.	**The Limping Man.**	Thurs., Sat.
PLAYHOUSE.	**"Mary Tudor."**	Th. & Sat.
QUEEN'S.	**"Short Story."**	W., Sat.
S. JAMES'S.	**Two Mrs. Carrolls.**	Wed. & Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S.	**Distinguished Gathering.**	Tu. & Fri.
SAVOY.	**The Wind and the Rain.**	Mon., Sat.
STRAND.	**1066 and All That.**	Th., Fri. & S.
VICTORIA PALACE.	**Vintage Wine.**	W. & S.
WESTMINSTER.	**The Impresario From Smyrna.**	Thurs. and Sat.
WHITEHALL.	**Anthony & Anna.**	W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S.	**Sweet Aloes.**	Wed. & Sat.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. (Tem. 7611). To-day Friday 2.30 and 8.30.
Mats. Weds. 2.30. New Parisian, Musical Play.
FRITZI. Rosalinde Fuller, Leslie French. All seats bookable. Best 2/6 seat in London.
"An evening of delight and surprise."—*M. Post.*

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
THE TALK OF LONDON. (SECOND YEAR.)

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. EVGS., 6.15 & 9.
Matinees Daily, 2.30, until January 4.
TULIP TIME. A Comedy with Music.
THE FUNNIEST PLAY SEEN FOR YEARS.
Prices (including tax) 10/6 to 1/3. Whitehall 2525.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARION LORNE & Walter Hackett's Production
ESPIONAGE.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.15 & 9.
DAILY at 2.30, 6.15 and 9.
"TWENTY TO ONE."
THE FUNNIEST MUSICAL SPORTING FARCE EVER STAGED.
10s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 6s., 4s., 3s. 6d., 3s., 1s. 6d., incl. Tax.

COMEDY. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
EXTRA MATS., DEC. 28, JAN. 1 & 4.
HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
OVER 230 PERFORMANCES.

DALY'S. Ger. 2157. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
Extra Xmas Mats., Dec. 27, 28.
"TREAD SOFTLY."
YVONNE ARNAUD. RONALD SQUIRE.

DRURY LANE. Temple Bar 7171.
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.
TWICE DAILY at 2 o'clock & 7.45.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30, W. & S., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL.
ANGELA BADDELEY. MAY WHITTY.

GLOBE, Ger. 1592. 8.15 sharp. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
Extra Holiday Mats. every Wed. commencing Jan. 1st.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
at 8.15. Mats., Thur., Fri. & Sats., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER !"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Daily at 2.15.
ITALIA CONTI Production.
25th YEAR. SILVER JUBILEE of
WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.
Pop. Prices. Box Office (Hol. 9617) and all Libraries.

KINGSWAY. Daily 2.30 and 8.30. HOL. 4032.
"RIVALS !" A LIGHT OPERA.
Produced by Vladimir Rosing.
"A VERY BRIGHT AND ATTRACTIVE SHOW."
—*Daily Telegraph.*

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

MERCURY. Nottg. Hill Gate. 2s. 6d. to 6s. Park 1000.
TWICE DAILY DEC. 27, 28,
and every Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.30 and 8.30.
50th performance Jan 1 (Matinee).
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
By. T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
"The one great play by a contemporary dramatist now to be seen in England."—*Times.*

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611.
DAILY at 2.30 and 8.30.
THE SENSATIONAL MYSTERY THRILLER,
THE LIMPING MAN.

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30. Whi. 7774.
FLORA ROBSON in
"MARY TUDOR"
JOYCE BLAND. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Av. Ger. 4517-8.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST, SYBIL THORNDIKE,
A. E. MATTHEWS in
"SHORT STORY."

ST. JAMES'S. (Whitehall 3903.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mat., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.
Leslie Banks, Elena Miramova, Louise Hampton.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443 & 4.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
FRANK VOSPER in
DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30. (Tem. 8888.)
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN. Now in its 3rd Year.
ROBERT HARRIS. MACKENZIE WARD.

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs., Fri. & Sat., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT. A Revue.
"THIS JOYOUS JOKE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

VICTORIA PALACE. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
VINTAGE WINE,
with JULIA NEILSON. Over 500 performances.

WESTMINSTER Vic. 0283. 6s. to 1s. 4d. Res.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
THE GROUP THEATRE present
THE IMPRESARIO FROM SMYRNA.
and A NEW HARLEQUINADE in the Italian Manner.

WHITEHALL. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. *NOW IN ITS 2ND YEAR.*
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
PAULA WESSELY (of "Maskerade" fame) in
"EPISODE" (A). and DOLLY HASS
in **"LIEBESKOMMANDO"** (U).

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
Monday next, Dec. 30th, for Six Days.
JACK HULBERT in
BULLDOG JACK. (U.)

MONSEIGNEUR NEWS CINEMA, Piccadilly. Sunday. January 5th.
ZERO DE CONDUITE (Vigo's amusing study of a boy's school) also **RIEN QUE LES HEURES** (Cavalcanti). For particulars write:
Sec. NORTH LONDON FILM SOCIETY, 6 Carysfort Rd., N16.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Monday to Friday, 2.30 & 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

LIVERPOOL **Playhouse.**
Evenings 7.45.
The Wind and the Rain.
By Merton Hodge.
Circus Boy. By Michael Redgrave. Sat., 2.30.

MANCHESTER **Repertory.**
Evenings, 7.30. Mats. Dec. 28th & Jan. 1st, 2.15.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope.

NORTHAMPTON **Repertory.**
Dec. 26–Jan. 11. Daily 2.30 & 7.45.
Sinbad the Sailor. By Margaret Carter.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC* 3845.

DANCE

STUDENT MOVEMENT for Peace, Freedom and Cultural Progress, DANCE, Suffolk Galleries, January 10th, 7.30-12., 1s. 6d. Bar, etc.

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden), Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate invite applications for the University Readership in Classics tenable at Queen Mary College. Salary £600 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on February 29, 1936, by the Academic Registrar, University of London, S.W.7, from whom further particulars should be obtained.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING

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MISCELLANEOUS

ISLES OF GREECE, CRETE, ASIA MINOR. April Cruise from 22 guineas, London return. Opportunity for teachers and students. Apply Box 1000, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "The Unitarian Gospel." MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. post free.

WOODCARVING

L. W. PENDRED is a woodcarver in the medieval tradition and the modern style. He can make many suggestions how this rare and lovely art can fit in to the modern or period home. Photographs are available. Send for particulars. Pishill Bank, Stonor, Oxon.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

A THREE-WEEKS account with Christmas in the middle, and fog, does not help to pay a broker's overheads. Nevertheless, there will be few grumbles for this has been an active year on the Stock Exchange. While there has been no actual boom in the stock markets the recovery in Wall Street has brought a good deal of business to London. It is not generally appreciated that London provides perhaps the best market conditions in the world for capitalists to exchange their securities with one another at rising or falling prices. And consider the new financing which has been done. The total of new issues this year has comfortably exceeded the total for 1934, and for every £1 subscribed in cash by the British public approximately 9*s.* 9*d.* (according to the *Economist*) has been taken in cash by the vendors. In the matter of Stock Exchange "introductions," which now amount to over 20 per cent. of the new issues, the vendors or "insiders" have been equally well treated seeing that dealings have started on the average at a premium of 50 per cent. above the nominal value of the shares "introduced." It is a pity that the benevolent aspects of the City are not more widely known.

* * *

The Christmas dividends of the Rand gold-mining companies were generally better than those declared in June, but this is of no great significance for they merely served in most cases to bring 1935 total distributions up to the level of 1934. It will be remembered that in view of the uncertainties of the excess profits tax the directors in June had made excessively liberal allocations to taxation reserves. Nevertheless, as the following table shows, additions to the rate of annual dividend were made by some companies—notably Geduld, Sub Nigel, and Consolidated Main Reef.

	Highest 1935.	Present Price.	Total Divs. Paid in 1934.	Dividends Paid 1935.		Gross Yield on Year's Div.*
				June.	Dec.	
Consolidated Main Reef £1 ..	81/3	3¾	4/3	2/3	2/6	£7 0 0
Crown Mines 10/-	14 11/16	13¼	17/-	8/-	9/-	7 4 0
Geduld Proprietary £1	11 31/32	10⅝	13/6	6/9	7/3	7 7 0
Randfontein Estates	60/-	53/-	2/9	2/-	2/-	8 7 0
Brakpan 5/- ..	50/-	2¼	2/7½	1/1½	1/6	6 10 3
Robinson Deep "B" 7/6	55/7½	2 11/32	4/-	1/3	1/6	6 10 3
Sub Nigel 10/- ..	14½	12½	15/6	8/-	8/-	7 3 6
New State Areas £1	79/4½	72/6	5/6	2/6	2/6	7 12 6
Nourse Mines £ ..	44/4½	2 3/32	4/-	1/9	2/-	9 18 0
West Springs £ ..	49/4½	2	2/-	1/-	1/-	5 8 0

* Equivalent gross, after allowing for Dominion income tax relief.

* * *

South African gold shares have lately been a neglected, if not a disappointing, market. On the one hand, the speculative investor has been exchanging from gold shares to industrial equity shares (American and British) whose prospects of capital appreciation are rated higher, and on the other hand some long-term investors have been inclined to sell gold shares on the grounds that any further depreciation in sterling would be offset by a proportionate or more than proportionate rise in commodity prices and production costs. Two factors, however, may bring about a temporary recovery in gold shares. First, the franc may be devalued or, as I think more likely, may be forced by a political crisis off gold and allowed to fluctuate for a time without a gold peg of any sort. This would create a speculative French interest in both South African gold shares and Continental equity shares, and as the pound would probably be weak in terms of the gold dollar the sterling price of gold would tend to rise. Secondly, Johannesburg may begin to discount the suggested alteration in the basis of taxation—a change from the excess profits tax to an over-all tax of, say, 40 per cent. If both these events happened simultaneously there would be a great recovery in Kaffirs. This would be the time for the wise investor to begin to take his profits in gold shares and seek other fields for capital appreciation. Looking ahead, we must bear in mind that sooner or later gold producers' costs are bound to rise more steeply than the sterling price of gold; and secondly, that it is by no means certain that the Union Government will abolish the excess-profits tax and substitute an over-all profits tax. Politically, an excess-profits tax on gold mining has been "sold" to the agricultural and industrial voter in South Africa, and if it were abolished it would be difficult to persuade the electorate that the Chamber of Mines was not controlling or bribing the Government. Therefore, when the gold share market is good I would suggest reducing holdings of the low-yielding shares of the producing companies.

* * *

If the "producer" gold shares are sold, the gold-mining finance houses might be considered. Although the finance houses depend for a steady income on the dividends of the established producing companies they are heavily interested in gold mines still in the development stage, which offer great scope for capital appreciation, and to some extent in the shares of the base-metal producers. The next table shows the yields afforded by the leading finance company shares in order of investment status :—

	Present Price.	Current Dividend.	Approximate Gross Yield (after allowing for Dominion Income Tax Relief).
Union Corporation, Ltd., shares of 12/6	8⅜	8/- per share	£5 0 6
Central Mining & Investment Corp., Ltd., Ordinary £8 shares	23⅝	20/- per share	£4 10 3
Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co., Ltd., £1 shares	75/6	20%	£5 18 3
General Mining & Finance Corp., Ltd., £1 shares ..	4¾	20%	£4 11 3
Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Ltd., Ordinary £1 shares	3⅝	20%	£5 13 6
Anglo - American Corp. of South Africa, Ltd., Ordinary 10/- shares	30/6	2/- per share	£7 3 9

General Mining shares recently had a sharp rise in anticipation of increased dividends for Christmas, 1936. This company holds the deferred capital of West Rand Consolidated, which after the middle of next year is entitled to 25 per cent. of the profits of the company. This should enable General Mining after 1936 to increase its dividend by 1*s.* per share.

Company Meeting

CARRERAS, LIMITED

THE thirty-second annual general meeting of the Company was held at Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, N.W.1, on December 19th. The Most Hon. the Marquess of Reading, Chairman, presided and said (in part):—

The result of the year's trading, after making ample provision for depreciation on buildings, plant, machinery and other items and charging all expenses, including the full amount of advertising, shows a net profit of £942,007, an increase of £137,065 over the preceding year. By the addition to this year's total net profit of the amount brought forward in last year's balance sheet, namely £1,264,512, there is an available balance in the profit and loss account of £2,206,519, which the directors propose to appropriate as shown in their report, leaving £1,282,834 to be carried forward to next year.

The increased net profit is, of course, mainly due to the improvement in the general trade and industry of the country during this year, which has led to greater expenditure by the public, of which part has been attracted to the purchase of cigarettes and tobacco. The Board have recommended the payment of a cash bonus of 1*s.* per share on the ordinary and "A" ordinary shares, and 1½*d.* per share on the "B" ordinary shares, which will involve the additional distribution to the shareholders of £88,578 . 5*s.*

I am pleased to say that public appreciation of the company's products continues to grow. Some of my colleagues have visited several important centres in the Provinces, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, and overseas, at various times during the past year, and from all quarters have gained evidence of the popularity of our leading brands and of the good will of the trade and the public towards us.

In conclusion, I am pleased to tell you that your directors are satisfied with the trading in the new financial year so far as it has proceeded, and, if the present conditions of trade continue, your directors have every reason to hope that the results to be placed before you at the next annual meeting will also satisfy you.

The report, accounts and dividend resolutions were adopted unanimously.

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Shops, Stores, Catering, etc. - - - -	10·3%
Brewers, Distillers, Tobacco, etc. - -	6·2%
Financial Trusts, etc. -	4·4%
Rails, Motors, Aviation, Shipping - - -	7·0%
Newspaper, Newsprint, etc. - - - -	4·8%
Rubber, Tea, Cotton -	1·1%
Building & Allied Trades	7·9%
Gas and Electric Co. -	8·3%
Oil - - - - - -	2·5%
Foodstuffs & Household Utilities - - -	8·6%
Textiles - - - -	3·4%
Gold Mining - - -	8·5%
Proprietary Articles - -	3·5%
Cinemas - - - -	2·2%
Miscellaneous - - -	9·9%

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GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, Dec. 29th, at 3.30, Christmastide Music by DR. MARTIN SHAW. At 6.30, DR. MAUDE ROYDEN

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Sunday, December 29th at 11, Mr. H. J. BLACKHAM: "SOCIAL SCIENCE AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION." 6.30. Mr. LEONARD S. BARNES: "THE STATE AS MORAL AGENT."

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